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But they move more, in lofty Numbers told.
Waller.

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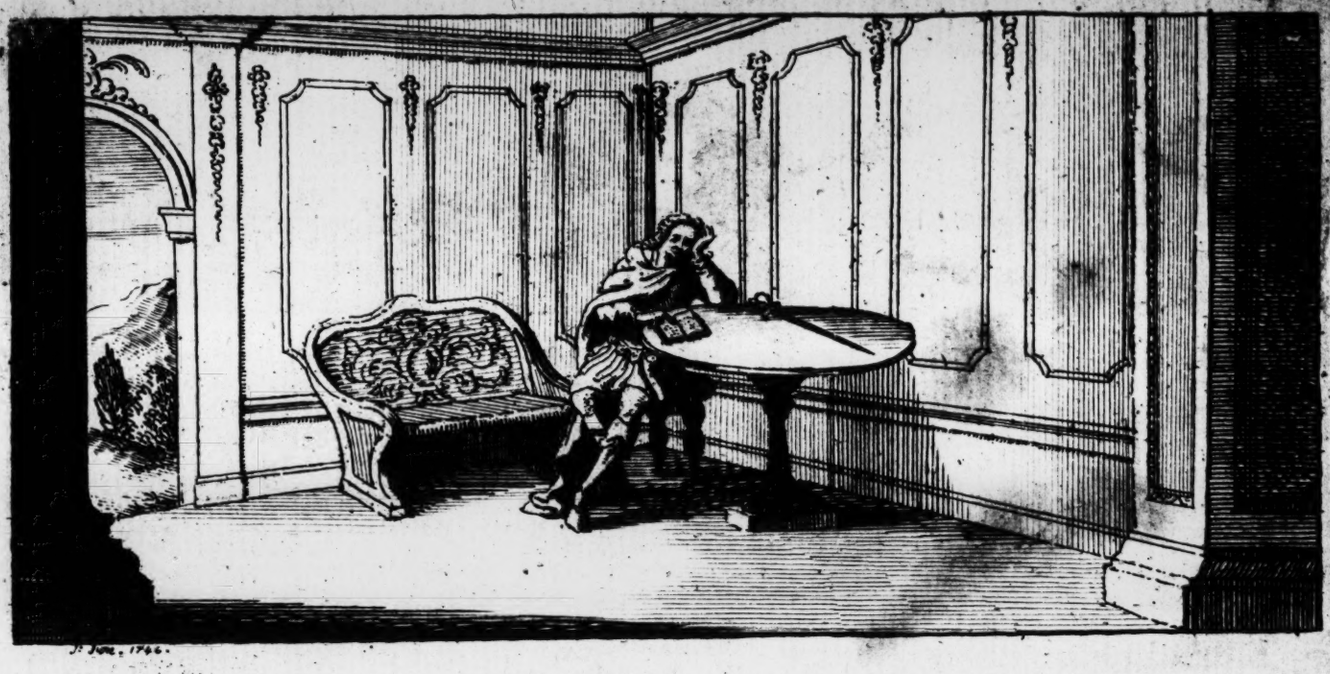


The SOLILOQUY of CATO,

Wrote by Mr. ADDISON.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Cato ſolus, *ſitting in a thoughtful Poſture: In his Hand* Plato's *Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the Table by him.*

IT muſt be ſo--*Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well!--
Elſe whence this pleaſing Hope, this fond Deſire,
This longing after Imortality?
Or whence this ſecret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why ſhrinks the Soul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at Deſtruction?
'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heaven it ſelf, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th'unbounded Proſpect lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He muſt delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.
But when! or where!--This World was made for *Cæſar*.
I'm weary of Conjectures---This muſt end 'em,
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: My Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me:
This in a Moment brings me to an End;
But This informs me I ſhall never die.*
The Soul, ſecur'd in her Exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
The Stars ſhall fade away, the Sun himſelf
Grow dim with Age, and Nature ſink in Years,
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidſt the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter, and the Cruſh of Worlds.
What means this Heavineſs that hangs upon me?
This Lethargy that creeps through all my Senſes?
Nature oppreſs'd, and haraſs'd out with Care,
Sinks down to Reſt. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
Renew'd in all her Strength, and Freſh with Life,
An Off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or Fear
Diſturb Man's Reſt: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his Choice to ſleep or die.

* *Alluding to the Book of* Plato's *Immortality of the Soul.*

Two Noble SENTIMENTS *of Mr.* ADDISON'S

How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue!

---What Pity is it
That we can die but once to ſerve our Coun-

MUSEUM
B.M.
BRITANNICUM

THE

BROKEN MUG. A Tale.

By Dean SWIFT.

HOW shall I now the Nine invoke;
Since all my comfort's crack'd and broke?
Then let my sorrows have some vent,
Proportion'd to my discontent;
In all affairs of human life,
So intermix'd with joy and strife,
My *Mug* so sweeten'd all my care,
My sorrows still were drowned there.
This, with an honest jolly friend,
To anxious thoughts could put an end;
Which still clos'd up the toils of day,
And made the minutes glide away.
But now I have no *Mug* to drink,
Nor scarce the pow'r to write, or think.
Assist ye Nymphs, with wit and skill,
A native of *Parnassus'* hill,
Who now implores the sacred Nine,
To raise his thoughts in every line;
Your property is not to stint,
Or give a *Mug* with nothing in't.
Since Bards are subject to be dry,
We beg before our skill we try,
A draught of the *Castalian* spring,
To clear our pipes before we sing.
This *Mug* which I lament in tears,
Hath serv'd me well for many years.
That useful piece of furniture,
Is broke, and shatter'd, past all cure.
Nor can it e'er be hoop'd with tin,
As other broken *Mugs* have been;
Whose ruptures, cur'd by tinker's truss,
Are still of special use to us,
But now, alas! 'tis all in vain,
To join thy particles again.
What cost would I on thee bestow,
To have thee now in *statu quo*.
Thou *Mug*, the subject of my song,
Should'st not lie still, nor empty long;
In silver hoops thou should'st appear,
Well tipp'd; and frothing, full of beer;
Whose fragrant bubbles gently fall,
'Till, by degrees, contracted small,
They on thy centre form a rose,
So grateful to our eyes and nose;
Whose mantling juice does far out-shine
The sparkling of the choicest wine.
It was a family old *Mug*,
At which our friends did often tug;
'Twas bought when I was but a youth,
And Grannum says, upon her truth,
A finer *Mug* was never bought,
Altho' it cost her but a groat;
The potter surely play'd his part,
For 'twas a master-piece of art.
He form'd it of well-temper'd [illegible]
To make it durable and tough.
The concave and the convex white,
Appear'd most pleasing to the sight.
'Twould puzzle *Euclid* or *Defarg*,
To take dimensions of each part.
The base whereon it stood was [illegible]
The rest with various shapes [illegible]
But truly spherical, nor [illegible]
[illegible]

All from the bottom to the ear,
Was like the *Fruſtrum* of a ſphere;
The reſt much like that of a cone,
To which was fix'd one ear alone,
Tho' one ſhou'd think another lug,
Might well become ſo large a *Mug*.
But be it known unto you, ſirs,
Some modern wiſe Geometers,
Thought it a ſurer way and quicker,
To fill the *Mug* with humming liquor.
Then handling it from north to ſouth,
They took the gauge by word of mouth,
For when it went full nine times round,
By long experience they had found,
It held two quarts by eſtimation,
And ſome few tenths by calculation;
Then to compleat what they begun,
They inch'd it like a brewer's tun;
And in a minute wou'd deſcry,
Their ſeveral inches wet or dry.
They eſtimated near enough,
A conick or cylindrick hoof;
Whene'er the *Mug* was on a ſtoop,
They told the ullage to a ſup.
It ſerv'd a double 'prentice-ſhip,
And never got a crack or ſlip,
Until by chance the other day,
(To ſhew the frailty of our clay)
It got a moſt unlucky fall,
Which may be warning to us all;
For let us live to *Neſtor*'s age,
We muſt at laſt go off the ſtage.
[illegible] made in *Anna*'s glorious reign,
[illegible] always kept both ſweet and clean;
[illegible] was often drank thereout,
[illegible] or ſo Offober ſtout.
It went about juſt with the ſun,
And in a circle ſtill did run;
'Twou'd drain a ceſſar e'er ſo deep,
And from an inundation keep,
That quarter of the town, you know,
Where high ſpring-tides do overflow,
For in a day it would exhale,
The L—d knows how much beer or ale.
Nor could it loſe it's virtue quite,
'Till it was nine or ten at night;
It was a planet without doubt,
For day and night it went about,
And had its periodick times,
As regular as *Chriſt* church-chimes;
Then by nocturnal obſervation,
We found its virtue and pulſation;
(When like the ſun it ebb'd and flow'd)
Its various operations ſhow'd,
And different influence on men,
About the hours of eight and ten.
'Twas on a day, ſome friends and I,
Were ſeated on *Parnaſſus* high,
My friends began to hem and cough,
With voices hoarſe and very rough,
By long debating *Pro* or *Con*,
Whether the earth mov'd, or the ſun,
Who writ the beſt philoſophy,
Copernicus or *Ptolemy*,
Whether they were not both out-done,
By *Newton*'s principles alone,
Tho' now the mode, 'tis not my way
To entertain my friends with tea;
We Bards don't love our drink too new,
Nor can we ſpare the time to brew:
We uſe no tea nor coffee here,
They're both inſipid and [illegible]

All from the bottom to the car,
Was like the firefloom of a sphere;
That's much like that Mr. Lone,
Who said we risk'd one ear alone,
Who" one thou'd think another lug,
Might well become so large a flag,
But be it known unto you, Sirs,
Some modern wits Geometers,
Thought it a surer way and quicker,
To fill the flag with numbring figures,
Then handling it from north to south,
They took the gauge by word of mouth,
For when it went full nine times round,
By long experience they had found,
It held two quarts by estimation,
And some few tenths by calculation;
Then to complete what they begun,
They inch'd it like a brewer's tun,
And in a minute wou'd devise,
Their several inches wer or dry,
They estimated near enough,
A cornick or cylindrick hoop;
Whether the flag was on a stoop,
They sold the village to a lup,
It serv'd a double pennie-ship,
And never por a crack or slip,
Until by chance the other day,
To shew the frailty of our clay,
It por a most unlucky wall,
Which may be wearing to recall,
To let us live to Nyfer's age,
Except it all go on the stage.
This was made in Nyfa's glorious reign,
And always kept both sweet and clean,
Until it was torn down in part,
In order to [illegible]

To be [illegible]
Or [illegible]
Or [illegible]
Or

They never can clear up the brain,
Or put us in a merry vein:
To ſome it gives ill-natur'd fits,
While baſe *Detractors* paſs for wits,
From whoſe vile cenſure who is free,
All ſuffer by *their raſh decree.*
I gueſs'd my *brother bards* were dry,
Then begg'd a *Nymph* who lives hard by,
To ſtep to *Helicon* in haſte,
And bring the *Mug* full of the beſt.
In haſte as ſhe tripp'd down the ſtairs,
With graceful air, but unawares,
Precipitating on her hoop,
As ſhe ran downwards made her ſtoop;
Down fell the *Nymph*, the *Mug* and all,
The loſs was great, and great the fall.
The *Nymph* return'd with nimble foot,
But got her finger ſorely cut;
The tydings told with panting breath,
How ſhe eſcap'd a ſudden death.
The ſhatter'd limbs — oh dire miſhap!
She brought up gather'd in her lap,
With fractures of the *Mug* ſo ſmall,
No art cou'd e'er cement them all;
Thou beſt of *Mugs*, adieu, adieu,
Since I am doom'd to follow you;
I am but clay, and ſo wert thou,
When I go off, or where, or how
I cannot tell, but ſtill muſt ſtrive,
To keep this *Microcoſm* alive,
To *wet* my clay as it grows dry,
Leſt it ſhould into *Atoms* fly.

The KISS *Return'd.*

AS *John* the ſailor, and his laſs,
One morn were tripping o'er the graſs;
To gather *White thorn*, as they ſay,
It being on the firſt of *May*,
They did a jolly captain meet,
And courteouſly each other greet.
Firſt, *John* the ſailor touch'd his hat,
The captain bow'd, began to chat,
Saying, *John*, pray how came this to paſs?
Where pick'd you up this comely laſs,
With roſy cheeks, and ſparkling eyes,
Thoſe ſnowy breaſts that fall and riſe?
Tempting to ſome more ſecret bliſs,
Oh! *John* I muſt, — muſt have a kiſs;
And you, whene'er you meet my dame,
Shall welcome be to do the ſame.
Now ſome days after, being fair,
The captain walk'd to take the air;
Led in his hand his lovely bride,
Which luckily young *Johnny* ſpy'd;
And bowing ſaid, ſir, you know what,
I hope you han't your word forgot:
No, *John*, he anſwer'd, by my life,
'Tis your turn now, — ſee, here's my wife.
John ſmiling, cock'd his hat aſide,
and boldly kiſs'd the captain's bride,
Crying, Oh! ye Gods, I'd give a crown
Had he but laid my *Nancy* down,
I'd had — had what, repliy'd the dame?
A licence to have done the ſame.

The Kriss Kringle.

The OLD CHEESE, Or, *SLOUCH*'s Requeſt.

YOung *Slouch* the farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whoſe diligence and cleanlineſs ſupply'd,
The wit which nature had to her deny'd;
But then ſhe had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than *Slouch* afear'd.
This made cenſorious perſons of the town
Say, *Slouch* could hardly call his ſoul his own:
For if he went abroad too much, ſhe'd uſe
To give him ſlippers, and lock up his ſhoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was diſturb'd or contradicted:
Yet ſtill into his ſtory ſhe would break,
With, 'Tis not ſo—Pray give me leave to ſpeak.
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him, Fool;
Told him he muſt exert himſelf, and be
In fact the maſter of his family.
He ſaid, that the next *Tueſday* noon would ſhow
Whether he were the Lord at home, or no;
When their good company he would entreat
To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat.
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his raſh act diſcloſe,
And prays dear *Sukey*, that one day at leaſt,
He might appear as maſter of the feaſt.
I'll grant your wiſh, ſhe cries, that thou may'ſt ſee
'Twere wiſdom to be govern'd ſtill by me.
The gueſts upon the day appointed came,
Each bouſy farmer with his ſimp'ring dame.
How! *Sue!* cries *Slouch*, why doſt thou not appear?
Fie, that's thy manners when aunt *Sue* is here!
Slouch had been taught at dinner time to greet
His friends, by ſaying nothing's fit to eat;
The boil'd pork ſtinks, the roaſt beef 's not enough,
The bacon's ruſty, and the hens are tough;
The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;
And thus I buy good meat for ſluts to ſpoil.
'Tis we are the firſt *Slouches* ever ſat
Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.
What teeth or ſtomach's ſtrong enough to feed
Upon a gooſe my grannum kept to breed?
Why muſt old pidgeons, and they ſtale, be dreſt,
When there's ſo many ſquab ones in the neſt;
This beer is ſour, this muſty, thick, and ſtale,
And worſe than any thing except the ale.
Sue all this while many excuſes made,
Some things ſhe own'd, at other times ſhe laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.
Then cheeſe was brought. Says *Slouch*, This e'en
ſhall roll:
I'm ſure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl:
This is ſkim milk, and therefore it ſhall go,
And this, becauſe 'tis *Suffolk*, follow too.
But now *Sue*'s patience did begin to waſte,
Nor longer could diſſimulation laſt.
Pray let me riſe, ſays *Sue*; my dear, I'll find
A cheeſe perhaps may be to lory's mind.
Then in an entry, ſtanding cloſe, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends might ſee,
And brandiſhing a cudgel he had got,
And far enough on this occaſion knott;
I'll try, my joy, ſhe cry'd, if I can pleaſe
My deareſt with a taſte of this old cheeſe.
Slouch turn'd his head, ſaw his wife's
Wielding her oaken ſapling of command.
Knew well the twang. Is't the old cheeſe, my
No need, no need of cheeſe, cries *Slouch*.

The ESPOUSAL. A Dialogue.

By Mr. *GAY*.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the ſhadow of a beaver hat,
Meek *Caleb* at a ſilent meeting ſate;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While *Tabitha* demure, return'd the glance;
The meeting ended, *Caleb* ſilence broke,
And *Tabitha* her inward yearnings ſpoke.

CALEB.

Beloved, ſee how all things follow love,
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove diſports with dove
Yet fondled lambs their innocence ſecure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure;
O faireſt of our ſiſters, let me be,
The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

But, *Caleb*, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the ſober kind,
Not the mockaws, all deck'd in ſcarlet pride;
Entice their mild and modeſt hearts aſide:
But thou, vain man, beguil'd by popiſh ſhows,
Doateſt on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy falſe heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in ſummer ſkies:
So love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Pleaſe at the firſt, but paſſeth ſoon away.

CALEB.

Paſt the frailtys of my youthful days,
Vice miſ-led me through the harlot's ways;
Lewd wanton look thy fex beheld,
Then parti-colour'd pride my heart might move,
With lace; the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All ſuch-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour;
But now I feel the ſpouſal love within,
And ſpouſal love no ſiſter holds a ſin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longeſt for the flaunting maid,
Thy falſehood own, and ſay I am betray'd;
The tongue of man is bliſter'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes;
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine.

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to teaze,
I too might blame—but love delights to pleaſe.
Why ſhould I tell thee, that when laſt the ſun
Painted the downy peach of *Newington*,
Joſiah led thee thro' the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kiſſes with his talk?
Ah Jealouſy! turn, turn thine eyes aſide,
How can I ſee that watch adorn thy ſide?
For verily no gift the ſiſters take
For luſt of gain, but for the giver's ſake.

TABITHA.

I own, *Joſiah* gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of *Quare* employ;
When *Caleb* hath aſſign'd ſome happy day,
I look on this and chide the hours delay:
And when *Joſiah* would his love purſue,
On this I look and ſhun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move,
The only preſent love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah *Tabitha*, to hear thee

The ESPOUSAL. A Dialogue.

By Mr. GAY.

When to the brethren firſt with fervent zeal
The ſpirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to ſee
Red as the cherry from the *Kentiſh* tree;
When Ecſtaſie had warm'd thy look ſo meek,
Gardens of roſes bluſhed on thy cheek.
With what ſweet tranſport didſt thou roll thine eyes,
How did thy words provoke thy brethren's ſighs!
Words that with holy ſighs might others move,
But, *Tabitha*, my ſighs were ſighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is *Tabitha* beyond her wiſhes bleſt?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breaſt?
Then hear me, *Caleb*, witneſs what I ſpeak,
This ſolemn promiſe death alone can break;
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodeſt fav'rites ſhades my face,
Sooner like *Babylon*'s lewd whore be dreſt
In flaring di'monds and a ſcarlet veſt,
Or make a curtſie in cathedral pew;
Than prove inconſtant, while my *Caleb*'s true.

CALEB.

When I prove falſe, and *Tabitha* forſake,
Teachers ſhall dance a jig at country wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then ſhall bow their head,
And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA.

If that *Joſiah* were with paſſion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when firſt inſpir'd;
In ſteady love though he might perſevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear?
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaus;
Yet I for thee would all thy ſex reſign,
Siſters, take all the reſt —— be *Caleb* mine.

CALEB.

Though I had all the ſinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the Lords,
Whoſe couches creak with whoredom's ſinful ſhame,
Whoſe velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not ſip
The dew of lewdneſs from her lying lip;
I'd ſhun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More ſweet than powder which the merchants ſell;
O ſolace me with kiſſes pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
The ſpring now calls us forth; come ſiſter, come,
To ſee the primroſe and the daiſie bloom.
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
Siſters eſteem the breth'rens word ſincere.

TABITHA.

Eſpouſals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For ſecret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdrew,
True love is nature unreſtrain'd by law,
This tenet all the holy ſect allows.
So *Tabitha* took earneſt of a ſpouſe.

An *EPITAPH* on a *Careleſs Couple.*

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c. SENEC.

INTERR'D beneath this marble ſtone,
Lie ſaunt'ring *Jack*, and idle *Joan*.
While rolling threeſcore years and one
Did round this globe their courſes run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires roſe or fell;
The morning paſt, the evening came,
And found this couple ſtill the ſame.
They walk'd and eat, good folks: What then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the night away:
They did juſt nothing all the day:
And having bury'd children four,
Wou'd not take pains to try for more.
Nor ſiſter either had, nor brother;
They ſeem'd juſt tally'd for each other.
Their moral and oeconomy
Moſt perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept it's proper bound,
Nor treſpaſs'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor cenſure they regarded:
They neither puniſh'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did:
Her maids ſhe neither prais'd nor chid:
So ev'ry ſervant took his courſe;
And bad at firſt, they all grew worſe.
Slothful diſorder fill'd his ſtable;
And ſluttiſh plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was ſtrong; their wine was *Port*;
Their meal was large; their grace was ſhort.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and pariſh rate;
And took, but read not the receit:
For which they claim'd their *Sunday*'s due,
Of ſlumb'ring in an upper pew.
No man's defects ſought they to know;
So never made themſelves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themſelves a friend.
Nor cheriſh'd they relations poor:
That might decreaſe their preſent ſtore:
Nor barn nor houſe did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added, nor confounded:
They neither wanted, nor abounded.
Each *Chriſtmas* they accompts did clear;
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear, nor ſmile did they imploy
At news of publick grief, or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jugg was to the ringers carried;
Who ever either dy'd, or marry'd.
Their billet at the fire was found;
Who ever was depos'd, or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wits;
They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advite:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led —— a kind of —— as it were:
Nor wiſh'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd:
And ſo they lived, and ſo they dy'd.

Custos Rotulorum

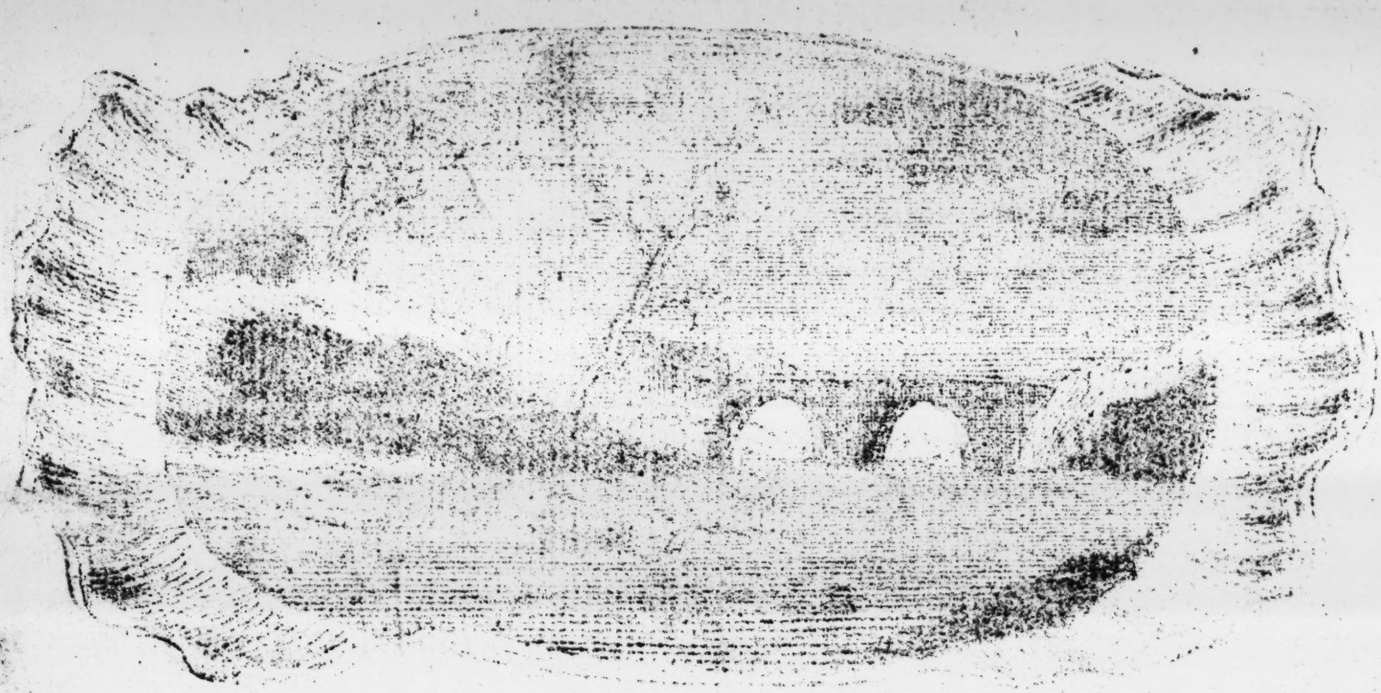
WINTER, A Poem.

By Mr. *PHILIPS.*

NOW frowning winter knits his awful brow,
And ſhrouds the mountains in a veil of ſnow
With icy chains, each lake and river's bound;
And cryſtal fountains ceaſe their bubbling ſound.
The hoary ſeaſon here conceals from ſight,
All pleaſing objects that to verſe invite.
The hills and vales, and the delightful woods;
The flowry plains, and ſilver ſtreaming floods,
By ſnow diſguis'd, in bright confuſion lye?
And with one dazling waſte fatigue the eye.
The ruling cold retards the coming ſpring,
No birds within the deſart region ſing.
The ſhips unmov'd the boiſt'rous winds defy,
While ratling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vaſt *Leviathan* wants room to play;
And ſpout his waters in the face of day:
The ſtarving wolves along the main ſea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a ſhining league the level main,
Here ſpreads itſelf into a glaſſy plain:
And there the frozen billows of enormous ſize,
Alpes of green ice, in wild diſorder riſe,
And yet but lately have I ſeen, e'en here,
The winter in a lovely dreſs appear.
E'er yet the clouds let fall the treaſur'd ſnow,
Or ſtormy winds thick hazy weahter blow.
Firſt, a keen eaſtern breeze at ev'ning roſe;
Then, the deſcending rain unſullied froze.
Soon as the ſilent ſhades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn diſcloſ'd at once to view,
The fall of nature in a rich diſguiſe,
And ſparkling ev'ry object to my eyes.
For ev'ry ſhrub, and ev'ry blade of graſs;
And ev'ry pointed thorn, ſeem'd wrought in glaſs.
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns ſhow,
While through the ice the crimſon berries glow.
The thick ſprung reeds the flabby marſhes yield,
Seem poliſh'd lances in a hoſtile field.
The ſtag in limpid currents with ſurprize,
Sees chryſtal branches on his forehead riſe.
The ſpreading oak, the beach, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther ſhine.
The frighted birds the ratling branches ſhun,
That wave and gliſten in the diſtant ſun.
When if a ſudden guſt of wind ariſe,
The brittle foreſt into atoms flies:
A ſpangled ſhower from every tree deſcends,
And the bright ſcene in coſtly ruin ends.
Or if a ſouthern gale the region warm
And by degrees unbinds the wintry charm:
The traveller a miry country ſees,
And journeys ſad beneath the dropping trees.

The Diſappointed FRIAR.

FRIER Paul in his cell made his exit of late
By the gravel ſome ſay, but no matter for that.
He dy'd, that's enough; and, if ſtorys ſay right,
Arriv'd at hell gate in a pitiful plight.
Who's there ſays the demon on guard; quoth the other.
A guilty poor prieſt Sir, a catholick brother.
Halt inſtantly halt, cries the centry ſtand clear,
Go, be dam'd ſome where elſe, for you ſhan't enter here.
I'll truſt no ſuch [illegible], no wretch ſo uncivil
Who abuſes [illegible], may [illegible]



The DISPUTE *Ended*, Or,

CONTRADICTION *Rewarded.*

A FABLE.

ONE of the contradicting ſex
Practiced in every art to vex,
Brimful of ſpirit and debate,
The conſtant breather of her mate,
Eager with words to take the field,
Firſt to attack, and laſt to yield;
Or wrong, or right, or friends or foes,
(Her ſole delight was to oppoſe:)
Diſputing near a river's ſide,
With her too often yielding bride
Fell in, and ſtruggling, ſqual'd and dy'd.
The husband bending o'er the brink
With great compoſure, ſaw her ſink;
He flung his arms acroſs his breaſt,
'Til he was ſure ſhe was at reſt:
Then beg'd his neighbours skill and pains,
With hooks to ſearch her dear remains.
The nimbleſt of 'em ſtript and down
The current pok'd to cath her gown,
Suppoſing that way ſhe was driven,
But they alaſs, were all deceiven:
Her wiſer ſpouſe who penſive ſtood,
And ſaw their labour in the flood;
Give o'er your ſearch that way, he cry'd,
You'll never find her with the tide;
For if you ſhou'd, my friends, the water,
'Cauſe fury muſt ſtrangely change her nature,
Try upwards, if I right have gueſt,
(Allow, I know her temper beſt)
She never yielded, while alive,
And to the laſt, I think wou'd ſtrive.
THE fair perhaps, at this will fret,
Crying, why are we ſo pointed at;
Would not ſuch fancy making tales,
Fit wrangling diſputatious males?
To pleaſe the fair, we'll ſhift the ſcene,
Inſtead of women put it men;
This change no way affects the ſtory,
The moral ſtill returns before ye.
Who're bread to contradictious ſtrains,
Will contradict while breath remains.

The DOUBLE ENTENDRE

An EPIGRAM.

YOUNG *Strephon* working hard all day,
'Til the declining ſun,
By ſtooping to embrace the ſea,
Tells him the day is done.

Then to his young wife home he hies,
With his ſore labour ſped,
Who bids him welcome home, and cries,
Pray husband come to bed.

Thanks wife the artful ſwain reply'd,
I then were ſurely bleſt,
Hadſt thou from all my daily toils
But call'd me to my reſt.

The FREETHINKER *converted.*

SIR *Fopling*, croſt in love and ſtript at play,
Penſive and grumbling on his pillow lay;
How vain, ſays he, are all things below,
way'd by a *Woman*, or a fickle *Throw*?
this the boaſted pow'r of human ſouls,
hich fortune or a fooliſh wench controuls?
o, we are ſlaves; our nature is a cheat,
nd reaſon ſerves to ſhew us the deceit,
he ſervile tools of providence we live,
ontent with what the heav'ns vouchſafe to give:
ife on ſuch niggard terms I ſcorn to keep,
eath take me hence—He ſpoke and dropt aſleep.
WHEN to his fancy there appear'd a ſpright,
uch as old wives, upon a winter night,
eſcribe, to keep the naughty boys in awe.
With too long ſpindle ſhanks, a lantern jaw,
Nor fleſh nor skin the phantom ſeem'd to have,
cleped *death*, the monarch of the grave.
A tyrant, dreaded by the old and young,
His dry bone rattled as he ſtalk'd along.
KIND heav'n, ſays he, has heard thy urgent prayer,
nd takes thee from a world beneath thy care;
! thus I execute his high command,
d ſhook the hour glaſs in his ſcraggy hand,
poizing for the blow his barbed dart,
t directly at the coxcomb's heart.
opling, ſtartled at the fancy'd ſtroke,
rom the point and his fears awoke;
damp ſweat his dewy cheeks o'erſpread,
inos trembled all with panick dread,
s knees the gracious pow'rs he bleſs'd,
preſumption of his heart confeſs'd:
ter'd now from what he was before,
s and ratles and blaſphemes no more,
Grows a mere ſaint, converted in a fright,
And ſays his pray'rs devoutly ev'ry night.

The two FRIENDS, a Tale, *from* de la Fontain.

FREEMAN and *Wild*, two hot young gallants,
Fam'd thro' the town for ſwinging talents,
At making, or acting love;
And *Beaux* too, over and above:
Like friends, enjoy'd a buxom woman,
(Like friends indeed, you'll ſay) in common.
Now one of theſe two ſparks attack'd her
So furiouſly, ſo like a *Hector*,
He got a girl, who to a tittle
Her mother's picture was in little.
When both *Jack Freeman* and *Ned Wild*,
Were call'd to ſee the chopping child;
Both own the babe! (and who would not?)
Sweet as the ſin, by which 'twas got!
Ned, that he's ſure he got her cries,
She has his dimples, and his eyes.
That it was his, *Jack Freeman* ſwore,
For ſhe reſembled him all o'er ———
The dev'l was not more like a *Moor*,
But when, at length, the girl began
To grow capacious of a man,
Changing their minds, each ſpark choſe rather
to be the ſinner than the father.
Cries *Wild* to *Freeman*, *Jack*, by G—d
This girl is thy own fleſh and blood,
The very leer of leud *Jack Freeman*.———
No zounds that ſham won't paſs on me, man,
(Cries *Freeman* to his brother *Wild*)
Mine is the laſs, and thine the child.———
Cries *Wild* to *Freeman*, thou'lt be damn'd———
Ay, ay, *Ned*,—but I won't be ſhamm'd.

A humourous DESCRPTION *of a Morning in* London.

NOW hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing, ſhow'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now *Betty* from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own.
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door,
Had par'd the ſtreet, and ſpringled round the floor.
Now *Moll* had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmallcoal-man was heard with cadence deep,
'Til drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep.
Duns at his lordſhip's gate began to meet:
And brickduſt *Moll* had ſcream'd thro' half a ſtreet.
The turn-key now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a' nights to ſteal for fees.
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands;
And ſchool-boys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

RESIGNATION *a* Virtue.

Richard o'er the green grown old and very poor,
For ſunday's change had but the ſhirt he wore:
Wakes, fairs, or markets, or whatever came,
He wore his linen turn'd, but ſtill the ſame.
Whene'er 'twas waſh'd, or when a bleaching ſpread,
He ſtrip'd to buff, and lay the while in bed.
At laſt as drying in the ſun-ſhine laid,
Some thief that made no conſcience of his trade,
(A faithleſs nimbuſh who ne'er fail'd the ſport,)
Skulk'd ſlily by, and ſtole away the ſhirt:
The good old wife ſcreams out aloud, undone!
O huſband! gaffer! O thy ſhirt is gone!
Hectics in bed—peace, fool, is that ſuch news?
Thoſe that have ſomething, they muſt ſomething loſe.

LAW *a bottomleſs Pit, or, the Folly of ſeeing* Counſel.

Where Two claim the ſame Right.

An EPIGRAM.

A Poor man once a judge beſought,
To judge aright his cauſe,
And with a pot of oil ſalutes
This judger of the laws.
My friend, quoth he, thy cauſe is good,
He glad away did trudge;
Anon his wealthy foe come in,
Before this partial judge.
An hog well fed this churl preſents,
And craves a ſtrain in law.
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a ſtraw.
Therewith he cry'd. O! partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cauſe was good,
But now to ruin run.
Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And ſee thy cauſe of foil;
An hog came ſince into my houſe,
And broke the pot of Oil.

An EPIGRAM.

Said to be written by D. Swift, *on his own Deafneſs*

DEAF, giddy, helpleſs, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown,
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at a rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
Can hardly hear a woman's clack!

The TEA-TABLE. *Imitated from Dean* Swift.

O Gentle Muſe, my artleſs theme inſpire,
And warm my boſom with poetic fire,
While I relate aſſiſt my faultering rhyme,
Women's delight, and how they paſs their time.
Moſt love-ſweet muſic, balls and maſquerades;
Some love the town, and ſome the rural ſhades;
Some love quadrille, will ſit all night to play,
And think it ſoon, if up at twelve next day.
All love new ſuits, new faſhions, and new faces,
And coſtly nick-knacks brought from foreign places:
Some love to ſleep their precious time away,
Some take delight with ſenſeleſs dogs to play,
And ſome in taking ſnuff conſume the day.
Few love their home; moſt love from home to be;
But all love gaming, goſſiping, and tea.
A ſcene of which now opens to your view;
Here's bread and butter, tea, and ſugar too:
All things in order, ev'ry goſſip's come,
And ſilence quickly's baniſh'd from the room.
Thus they begin—Pray madam, how d'ye do?
Lord! I han't ſeen you, not this day or two!
No, you ne'er come, one may be dead for you.
Believe me, ma'm, I'm mighty ill to day,
At cards laſt night ſat very late to play;
Loſt; O my ſtars! how ill my fortune ran.
Lord! Captain *Gailey* is a clever man;
How talls he is! majeſtical he walks!
He ſings moſt charming! and moſt ſweetly talks!
He is! O me—huſh not a title more,
ore here's the captain juſt againſt the door;
Ha! ſo he is, I ſolemnly declare,
Talk of the Devil, and his imps appear.
Cap. Ladies, your ſlave; what captain! pray come in,
ou're quite a ſtranger, ſir, which way h're you been?
Cap. Been to the De'l, believe me m'am 'tis true.
Miſs ſmiles at that, young lady how d'ye do?
Miſs. Do, with my hands; — true *Miſs*, I vow you're right,
How ſharp you be, I find you're grown polite.
E're ſince the *Dean*'s court grammar has been writ,
Our modern ladies all o'erflow with wit.
Lady. Captain, ſit down, excuſe me, madam, pray,
I am ſo hurried up and down to day,
I can't, I vow, my buſineſs calls me hence:
Sit down I ſay, that's your pretence?
Here, bring a chair,—excuſe me, ladies, now;
I muſt be gone, I cannot ſtay, I vow.
One waits me yonder, I your pardon crave;
Another time, ſo ladies I'm your ſlave:
Then captain yours;—They tend him to the door,
And talk about him for two hours more;
His humour, air, his dreſs, and ev'ry part,
Which quickly fathom'd each kind female's heart.
Thus as they talk, in comes my lady *Tattle*;
And thus again, they all renew their prattle,
I'm glad to ſee you, madam, pray ſit down,
And how d'ye do? what news d'ye hear in town?
How does your ſpouſe! can little maſter walk?
Is *Fanny* wedd? or is it only talk?
Tattle. *Fanny* is wedd. I can affirm it true,
Tho' 'tis a ſecret, I tell it none but you.
But now 'tis ſpoke, each female lays her ear to the ground,
And half the pariſh in two hours rung round,
So quick, ſo loud, their nimble tattles run,
Of who's miſcarried, married, or undone.
How *Sally*'s crooked, and how *Cloe*'s fair,
And pretty *Polly* too has got red hair.
All raiſe their voice, their voices all uniting;
Set dogs with cats, and cats with dogs to fighting.
So quick and ſhrill, each plays her ceaſeleſs larum,
All talk at once, but none at all to hear 'em.

The ENGLISH PADLOCK

AN

ADDRESS to the Ladies.

MIss *Danae*, when fair and young,
(As *Horace* has divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from *Jove*'s embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of braſs.
The reaſon of the thing is clear;
(Would *Jove* the naked truth aver)
Cupid was with him of the party;
And ſhow'd himſelf ſincere and hearty:
For (give that whipſter but his errand)
He takes my Lord Chief Juſtice' warrant;
Dauntleſs as death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open; ſnaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, ſtudy;
Nor ſtops, 'till he has *Culprit*'s body.
Since this has been authentick truth,
By age delivered down to youth;
Tell us, miſtaken husband, tell us,
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Does the reſtraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us leſs curious, her leſs fair;
The ſpy, who does this treaſure keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her pray'rs, nor ſleep?
Does ſhe to no exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly muſick, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flatt'ry pow'er,
To purchaſe one unguarded hour?
Your care does further yet extend;
That ſpy is guarded by your friend.——
But has that friend nor eye, nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, ſoon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair pris'ner cauſe to ſee,
How much he wiſhes, ſhe were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a hated truſt,
Which makes him wretched to be juſt?
And may not ſhe, this darling ſhe,
Youthful and healty, fleſh and blood,
Eaſy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?
Sir, will your queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither ſpy nor friend.
In ſhort, I keep her from the ſight
Of ev'ry human face —— ſhe'll write.——
From pen and paper ſhe's debarr'd.——
Has ſhe a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind: —— ſhe will, you ſay;
But how ſhall ſhe that mind convey;
I keep her in one room, I lock it;
The key, look here, is in this pocket:
The key-hole, is that left? Moſt certain,
She'll thruſt her letter thro'.—— Sir *Martin*.
Dear angry friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no way:—— there is but one,
Send her abroad, and let her ſee,
That all this mingled maſs, which ſhe
Being forbidden longs to know,
Is a dull farce, and empty ſhew,
Powder, and pocket glaſs, a beau;
A ſtaple of romance and lies,
Falſe tears, and real perjuries;
Where ſighs and looks are bought and ſold;
And love is made but to be told;
Where the fat bawd and laviſh heir
The ſpoils of ruin'd beauty ſhare;
And youth ſeduc'd from friends and fame,
Muſt give up age to want and ſhame.

Let her behold the frantick ſcene,
The women wretched, falſe the men:
And when, theſe certain ills to ſhun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms;
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play;
Put on good humour, make her gay;
Be to her vertues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your *Padlock* —— on her mind.

GRATITUDE *in Perfection: Or, The generous* TURK.

NOT many years ſince an accompliſh'd young gentleman of *Farrara* in *Italy*, by name *Signior Pietro*, was led by curioſity to travel thro' the various provinces of his own celebrated country: He came amongſt other places, to *Legborn*, and took up his lodgings in an inn, in order to obſerve the rarities of that well-peopled city; and happening to be plac'd in an apartment that open'd to the publick ſtreet, frequently diverted himſelf by a curious obſervation of whatever paſs'd before him.

Directly oppoſite to his chamber, was a bench, on which he often ſaw a melancholy *Turk*, ſit thoughtful and dejected, leaning penſively his head upon his hand, and droping now and then a ſilent tear, which he endeavour'd ſecretly to wipe away with a large knot of ropes, the wretched badge of his unfortunate ſlavery. The frequent repetition of this mournful practice was perceiv'd by the compaſſionate *Pietro*; who, earneſtly deſirous to become acquainted with the reaſons of his ſorrow, ſent at laſt a meſſenger to fetch him, and having carry'd him to his own apartment, demand the reaſons of his unhappy misfortunes, with wringing hands and elevated looks, the poor diſconſolate *Mahometan* thus began his tale, 'I am, *ſays he*, an honeſt *Muſſelman*, never friend to war or rapine, but became a ſacrifice to both, in an unlucky viſit to an aged father, then in health and peace at *Cyprus*, now perhaps, laid cold and breathleſs in ſome gloomy grave, and may have broke his heart to hear my miſery:' (then having given him a full account of all the circumſtances of his being taken, he concluded) 'I have now ſorrowfully ſpent four tedious years in this forlorn condition, and have left three wives, two ſons and nine ſmall children, doubtleſs drown'd in grief for my unhappy loſs.'

The pitying breaſt of *Signior Pietro*, fram'd for tender and compaſſionate impreſſions, after hearing his wretched and forlorn condition, gave him money, and courteouſly diſmiſs'd him.

The *Turk* returned diſconſolately back to the no-welcome practice of his daily labours; and the tender-natur'd *Signior Pietro*, ſeriouſly reflecting on his weighty ſorrow, and conſidering that the will of providence might one day make the caſe his own, and teach him by too ſad experience how to pity others miſeries, he reſolv'd to do a noble act of *Chriſtian* charity; and making intereſt with the governor of the town, found means to get the *Turk* releas'd, for the ranſom of about 145 ducats, which is in *Engliſh* money about 40 pounds.

Never could more welcome and ſurprizing news rejoice the heart of human ſufferer, than [illegible] which

Let her behold the frantick scene,
The women wretched, exile the men;
And when, thefe certain ills to fhun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms;
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play;
Put on good humour, make her gay;
Be to her vertues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock — on her mind.

CURIOSITY in Perfection: Or, The Jealous TURK.

A Certain Turk, who had many years been an accomplish'd young gentleman of this town, by name [illegible], was led by curiosity to travel into foreign countries, to improve himself in the polite manners and languages of other places, to converse with the learned of that well-peopled city; and purposing to be plac'd in an apartment that [illegible] to the public view, frequently diverted [illegible] observation of whatever pass'd

[illegible] to his observer was a French [illegible] so also [illegible] a pretty young [illegible] lodging next and then a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

which brought the happy *Turk* the news of his delivery; and with numerous vows of hearty gratitude, entreated *Segnior Pietro* to inform him how he might return twice told that friendly ſum, which had ſo generouſly purchas'd his valu'd liberty.

The good *Pietro* wiſh'd him well, but told him he expected no return; yet if his ſoul was noble, and would urge him to be greatful, he only ask'd his ſolemn promiſe, at his return home, that he would redeem ſome *Chriſtian* gentleman from ſlavery, whom he ſhould think did moſt deſerve it, and ſend him back again to his own native country: This laſt agreement was, in fine, concluded on, and the deliver'd *Turk* ſupply'd with cloaths and all things neceſſary, embark'd on board an *Engliſh* veſſel for *Turky*, and return'd ſucceſsfully to his former habitation.

Soon after the *Mehometan*'s departure from *Legborn*, *Signior Pietro* travell'd to *Venice*, where being extreamly pleas'd with the city and its people, after about two months ſtay, became enamour'd with a young and beautiful lady, call'd *Maria Delfino*, who had for ſeveral years reſided in that city with her uncle, a ſubſtantial merchant, who liv'd at *Malta* with her ſiſters and relations: nothing could diſſuade the amorous *Pietro* from a violent expreſſion of his growing paſſion; he ſollicited the uncle with inceſſant importunities, and at laſt engag'd him to permit him to addreſs her, upon this condition, that he ſhould accompany *Maria* and him to *Malta*, there to gain her father's approbation: This he promis'd, and continued four months daily viſiting the object of his affection, 'till he gain'd entirely her conſent to marry him, when ſhe was authoriz'd to do it by her father's order: And it ſeems, their ſympathetic ornaments, both of mind and body, pointed out the match, and ſpoke 'em only worthy of each's value.

They embark'd upon a veſſel bound for *Malta*, belonging to that iſland, which they were almoſt arriv'd in ſight of, when a *Turkiſh* galley met and boarded them, making undiſtinguiſh'd prize of all her cargo, and tranſporting *Signior Pietro*, with his miſtreſs and her uncle, into thraaten'd ſlavery, landing them at *Smyrna*, together with the valuable prize in which they took them.

The three companions in this miſerable ſtate, having, when they ſaw the danger they were falling into, chang'd their cloaths for coarſe and ſlight habits, that being ſo diſguis'd, they might expect a ranſom from a ſmaller charge than otherwiſe would ſerve them: being taken with the common people, they were, like them, in chains, conducted to the publick market, where ſlaves are bought and ſold like ſheep or oxen. Signior *Pietro* and the young lady's uncle were tied together, and plac'd, with many more, to wait the purchaſe of the faireſt bidder; oppoſite to them ſtood the unhappy and diſconſolate *Maria*, half dead with fear and anguiſh, (with a numerous crowd of other *Chriſtian* women, young and old) expecting every moment to be bought, and torn away from any hopes of ever ſeeing more her father, uncle, or her dear *Pietro*.

At length a yonng and graceful *Turk* came up to the diſconſolate *Maria*, and bargaining immediately with the officer who kept her, paid the money, and throwing on a veil he brought on purpoſe, took her from the reſt, and carry'd her away with extraordinay ſatisfaction.

Many a complaining look did the deſpairing lady

lady give her friends, who answer'd her with all the mournful marks of silent lamentation, and were now (especially the lover) so confounded with their misery, that they stood insensible like so many statues.

While they stood thus fix'd in contemplation of the transient blessings of a mortal life, there came a *Turk* from stall to stall, enquiring earnestly of every officer, what quality and country their several slaves laid claim to? and examining particularly the slaves themselves to the same effect. At length, he came to signior *Pietro*, who holding down his head, the *Turk* stoop'd forward to look upon his face, which he no sooner saw, but starting back in great surprize, he rais'd his arms and eyes towards heaven, and half transported at the strange discovery, cry'd aloud, 'I thank thee, holy pro-'phet! thou hast guided well my lucky footsteps!' the griev'd *Pietro* looking up at this surprizing exclamation, saw before his eyes that very man, whom in Leghorn he had so very kindly freed from slavery. No pen can tell the raptures he must needs conceive at this so happy meeting; the *Turk* thus addressing himself to signior *Pietro*, said;

'I promised thee, thou best of *Christians*, that 'I would certainly redeem such slave from servitude 'as I should judge did more than any else deserve 'that blessing; and now, thank *Mahomet*, in thee 'have I discover'd him:' with that he order'd him who guarded them, to send some person to receive his ransom, and conduct him presently to his own house.

The overjoy'd *Pietro* heard with pleasure the design of his accomplished gratitude, but told him, 'If he would be doubly kind, he might redeem 'his friend, who suffer'd with him; and they 'would find speedy means to reimburse his utmost 'charge:' the proposition was embraced as soon as offered, and a person being sent to take the money, received immediately the ransoms he demanded, and returning immediately to the market, left the gentlemen in the care of their redeemer.

The *Turk*'s two sons being inform'd that their Father had met the man to whom before he ow'd his liberty, ran immediately to find them out, and with an inexpressible civility and grateful joy, bid him and his friend welcome; and after having heard the manner of their being taken, and their sorrowful complaints for the loss of an unhappy virgin, whom they loved so dearly; he who was the eldest of the two cry'd out with earnestness, 'Now by the religion of our prophet, my father's 'house contains this virgin; that she was then above among other women; and he would, for satisfaction, fetch her down that very moment.

But oh, the rapturous joy of the two lovers! no tongue can speak, nor pen indite! when they who thought that very morning, they should never, never, see again each other, but live in everlasting slavery among infidels, do now enjoy a perfect freedom, and go when and whereso'ever they think fit.

They staid a week with their kind landlord, who after all the kindest treatment imaginable, got them a passage in a vessel in which they arrived safe at *Malta*.

Fortune makes wretched human things her sport,
And triumphs from the lowest to the court.
They who she late exalted to the sky;
She headlong tumbles down to misery;
Whilst they who just before she downward hurl'd,
She lifts again, to shine above the world.

The PENITENT RAKE. *A Tale.*

By a Gentleman of Oxford.

TOM Ramble, a rake of true catholic hope,
Who rely'd on ſalvation, thro' faith in the *Pope*;
Having been to the fair ones a little too true,
And borrow'd from God, to give woman her due,
With a qualm of contrition one morning was taken,
And conſcience declaring 'twas high time to reckon,
His ſteps to a convent our gallant addreſt,
To pour his tranſgreſſions in *Dominic*'s breaſt:
He rent his lac'd ruffles, diſgrac'd his toupee,
He broke his couteau, and he fell on his knee.
Rake.] Oh! father, loſt reſt to a ſinner reſtore,
Theſe pieces are many, my treſpaſſes more;
Thus ſaying, a purſe from his pocket he looſed,
Which, ey'd by the fryar, this anſwer produced,
Fryar.] Son, truſt our good mother; ſhe'll ever confer
Indulgence to thoſe who're indulgent to her:
Let indigent wretchs be ſcar'd for their ſouls,
The church has remiſſion, while you have piſtoles:
The gate of her mercy to all is unbarr'd,
To all ſuch, I mean, whom came duly prepar'd.
Rake.] A ſhepherdeſs, harmleſs and young I betray'd;
I found her, ah! wou'd I had left her, a maid:
Untaught as the lambs which ſhe watch'd on the common,
Allur'd by this purſe, I made her a woman;
This bought the repentance, this bought the delight,
Take, take, holy father, the fiend from my ſight.
The prieſt ſoon obey'd, and took charge of the booty,
Obedience, you know, was a branch of his duty,

So was poverty too, but *aurum accepit*,
I hope you don't think his intent was to keep it;
But leſt a bad tale by it length be made worſe,
The *fryar* well weighing the caſe — and the purſe,
I find not, ſays he, any cauſe of alarm;
You inſtructed the ignorant; where was the harm?
Rake.] The charms of a widow my ſoul did ſurprize,
How gloomy her grief! but how bright were her eyes!
No ſecond enjoyment ſhe'd ſworn to allow,
I kiſs'd off her tears, and oh! cancell'd her vow.
Fryar.] Mere charity, ſon, had oblig'd you to this;
To comfort the widow can ne'er be amiſs.
Rake.] A hugonot's conſort fell next in my ſnare,
In ſhort, Sir, I raviſh'd the obſtinate fair;
Her husband intruded, but fell in the ſtrife,
I robb'd her of her honour, and him of his life.
Fryar.] Piſh! let no ſuch trifles your mind incommode,
To take from a heretick's giving to God.
Rake.] To a beautiful nun I my love did reveal,
She open'd her heart, and ſhe open'd her cell,
She open'd, O heavens! *F.* Damnation and hell.
Mark, mark it in black, ye ſacred recorders,
What lie with a nun, and not be in orders?
This one deadly ſin exceeds all the ſeven,
'Tis robbing the church, and that's robbing of heaven,
'Tis a damnable error and can't be forgiven,
No prayers no alms can atone for this evil,
Down, down to damnation, down down to the devil.
Tom took up his purſe, away crept the *monk*,
One ſneak'd to his gruel, and *one* to his punk.

The SKILLET: *Or,*

Beauty *the beſt* Prize.

TWO country louts tir'd of a ſingle life,
Young *Clod*, and *Jolt*, each needs muſt have a wife,
But did not in their choice at all agree,
The one a lubber, t'other gay and free.
Clod thought a cuckold was a monſt'rous beaſt
With two huge glaring eyes and ſpreading creſt;
Therefore reſolving never to be ſuch,
Married a wife none but himſelf could touch.
Jolt thinking marriage was decreed by fate,
Which ſhews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young handſome jolly laſs made court,
And gave his friends convincing reaſon for't,
That ſince in life ſuch miſchief may be had,
Beauty had ſomething ſtill that was not bad.
Within two months fortune was pleas'd to ſend
A Tinker to *Clod*'s houſe, old *Braſs to mend.*
The good houſewife ſurvey'd the brawny ſpark,
And found his chine was large, tho' count'nance dark.
Firſt ſhe appears in all her airs, then tries
The ſquinting efforts of her am'rous eyes.
Much time was ſpent, and much deſire expreſt;
At laſt the Tinker cry'd, Few words are beſt;
Give me that skillet then, and if I'm true,
I dearly earn it for the work I do.
The bargain ſtruck, the Tinker with his tools
Diſplay'd, compleatly ſtops the good wife's holes;
His work perform'd, they parted, on he goes,
With the ſame ſtroke of pan, and twang of noſe,
'Till at *Jolt*'s houſe beheld a ſprightly dame,
That ſet his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, ſighs, faints, at laſt begins to cry,
And can you then let a young tinker die?
Says ſhe, Give me your skillet then, and try.
My skillet! Both my heart and skillet take;
I wiſh it were a copper for your ſake.
After all this, not many days did paſs,
Clod ſitting at *Jolt*'s houſe ſurvey'd the braſs,
And glitt'ring pewter ſtanding on the ſhelf.
Then, after ſome gruff mutt'ring with himſelf,
Cry'd, prithee, *Jolt*, how came that skillet thine?
You know as well as I, quoth *Jolt* 't'an't mine;
But I'll ask *Nan.*—She fairly told the matter
In truth as 'twas; then cry'd, You've got the better;
For tell me, deareſt, whether you would chuſe
To be a gainer by me, or to loſe.
As for our neighbour *Clod*; my dear you ſee,
We've beauty and a skillet more than he.

The SKILLET: Or,

Beauty the beſt Prize.

TWO country louts tir'd of a ſingle life,
Young Clod, and Jolt, each needs muſt have a wife,
But did not in their choice at all agree,
The one a lubber, t'other gay and free.
Clod thought a cuckold was a manly thing
With two huge glaring eyes and ſpreading creſt;
Therefore reſolving never to be luch,
Married a wife none but himſelf could touch.
Jolt thinking marriage was decreed by fate,
Which ſhews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young handſome jolly laſs made court,
And gave his friends convincing reaſon for't,
That ſince in life ſuch miſchief may be had,
Beauty had ſomething ſtill that was not bad.
Within two months fortune was pleas'd to ſend
A Tinker to Clod's houſe, old Brazil to mend.
The good houſewife ſurvey'd the brawny ſpark,
And found his chine was large, tho' cour'ſe and
dark.
Puft the appears in all her airs, when tries
The ſparkling efforts of her am'rous eyes.
Much time was ſpent, and much deſire expreſt;
At laſt the Tinker cry'd, Few words are beſt;
Give me that ſkillet then, and if I'm true,
I dearly earn it for the work I do.
The bargain ſtruck, the Tinker with his tools
Diſplay'd, complacently ſtops the good wife's holes;
His work perform'd, they pared, on be goes,
With the ſame ſtroke of pan, and twang of nole,
Till at Jolt's houſe beheld a ſprightly dame,
That for his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, ſighs, faints, at laſt begins to cry,
And can you then let a young tinker die?
Says ſhe, Give me your ſkillet then, and try
My ſkillet! Both my heart and ſkillet take;
I wiſh it were a copper for your ſake.
After all this, not many days did paſs,
Clod ſtaring at Jolt's houſe ſurvey'd the braſs,
And glitt'ring pewter ſtanding on the ſhelf.
Then, after ſome grufſ mutt'ring with himſelf,
Cry'd, prithee, Jolt, how came that ſkillet thine?
You know as well as I, quoth Jolt 't'an't mine;
But I'll ask Nan.—She fairly told the matter
In truth as 'twas; then cry'd, You've got the better
For tell me, dearest, whether you would ſtudle
To be a gainer by me, or to looſe.
As for our neighbour Clod; my dear you ſee,
We've beauty and a ſkillet more than he.

The FEMALE VOLUNTEER.

An EPILOGUE, *Deſign'd to be ſpoken by Mrs.* WOFFINGTON, *in the Character of a* Volunteer.

upon reading the Gazette.

CURSE on all cowards, ſay I! Why, bleſs my eyes——
No, no, it can't be true: The *Gazette* lies:
Our men retreat before a ſcrub banditti,
Who ſcarce cou'd fright the buff-coats of the city!
Well, if 'tis ſo, and that our men can't ſtand,
'Tis time we women take the thing in hand.
Thus, in my country's cauſe, I now appear,
A bold, ſmart, *Kevenhuller'd* Volunteer.
And really, mark ſome heroes in the nation,
Ye'll think this no unnatural transformation:
For if in valour real manhood lies,
All cowards are but ——— women in diſguiſe.
They cry theſe rebels are ſo ſtout and tall:
Ay, lord, I'd lower the proudeſt of them all:
Try but my mettle, place me in the van,
And poſt me if I don't bring down my man.
Had we an army of ſuch valourous wenches,
What men, d'ye think, wou'd dare attack our trenches?
Oh! how the artillery of our eyes wou'd maul 'em!
But our mark'd batteries! Lord, how they wou'd gall 'em!
No rebel 'gainſt ſuch force durſt take the field,
For damme, but we'd die before we'd yield.
Joking apart: We women have ſtrong reaſon,
To ſtop the progreſs of this *Popiſh* treaſon;
For now, when female liberty's at ſtake,
All women ought to buſtle for its ſake.
Shou'd the audacious ſons of *Rome* prevail,
Vows, convents, and that heathen thing a veil,
Muſt come in faſhion; and ſuch inſtitutions
Wou'd ſuit but oddly with our conſtitutions:
What gay coquet wou'd brook a nun's profeſſion?
And I've ſome private reaſons 'gainſt confeſſion.
Beſides, our good men of the church, they ſay,
(Who now, thank heav'n may love as well as pray)
Muſt then be only wed to cloyſter'd houſes:
Stop, — there we're ſobb'd of twenty thouſand ſpouces:
And, faith, no bad ones, as I'm told; then judge ye,
Is't fit we loſe our ——— benefit of clergy.
In freedom's cauſe, ye patriot fair, ariſe;
Exert the ſacred influence of your eyes;
On valiant merit deign alone to ſmile,
And vindicate the glory of our iſle:
To no baſe coward proſtitute your charms,
Diſband the lover who deſerts his arms:
So ſhall you fire each hero to his duty,
And *Britiſh* rights be ſav'd by *Britiſh* beauty.

Of PROVIDENCE,

And the great ſin of diſtruſting God's omnipotence in that point, who never fails his promiſe, ask and ye ſhall receive, give and it ſhall be given to you again ſeven fold, *as is confirm'd in the following remarkable inſtance.*

A Wealthy *Jew*, who when he had peruſed ſeveral of thoſe places which promiſe abundance of temporal bleſſings to charitable perſons, reſolved to try whether God would be as good as his word, and ſpared no occaſion of profuſe charity, until he had reduced himſelf to one ſingle piece, the whole remains of all his former riches. Now was he come to the criſis of trial, a criſis able to ſhake even a *Chriſtian* courage, and it did ſhake his indeed, though he had proceeded boldly hitherto without any fear or diſtruſt. He began then to murmur and repine, and blamed his credulity, for what he had ſo raſhly (he thought) done; and in this penſive heart-breaking mood, he eſpy'd two men a quarrelling and fighting. Notwithſtanding his own afflictions he preſently interpoſed, and demanded the cauſe of their ſo great difference. They anſwered that going along there they had found a ſtone, which both laid claim to, but could not agree which was the firſt diſcoverer, ſo that if he would beſtow ſomething for it, they told him it ſhould be his. He gave them all he had, his one remaing piece, and ſo they went well contented with it. He preſently repairs to a Jeweller to know the value of his purchaſe, and was informed, that it was the beſt jewel which belonged to the high prieſt's breaſt-plate, and that if he would carry it to the right owner, he need not doubt of a ſufficient recompence. He goes to the high-prieſt, acquaints him with what he had found, and the accidental occaſion that brought him to ſuch a treaſure. The man of God roundly gave him firſt a box of the ear, for deſtruſting providence, and then diſmiſſed him with a reward anſwerable to the occaſion. From that fortunate day he thrived in ſuch meaſure, and received the full ſatisfaction of all his former wiſhes, that notwithſtanding the charitable continuance of his former good intentions he ſoon grew to be one of the richeſt men in all *Judea*.

A SIMILE.

WHEN at our houſe the ſervants brawl,
And raiſe an uproar in the hall;
When *John* the butler, and our *Mary*,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the ſmart dialogue grows rich,
In ſneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my Lady like the devil,
And makes them ſilent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And ſcatters tempeſts brewing there:
Thus bullies ſometimes keep the peace,
And one ſcold makes another ceaſe.

The CITY WEDDING.

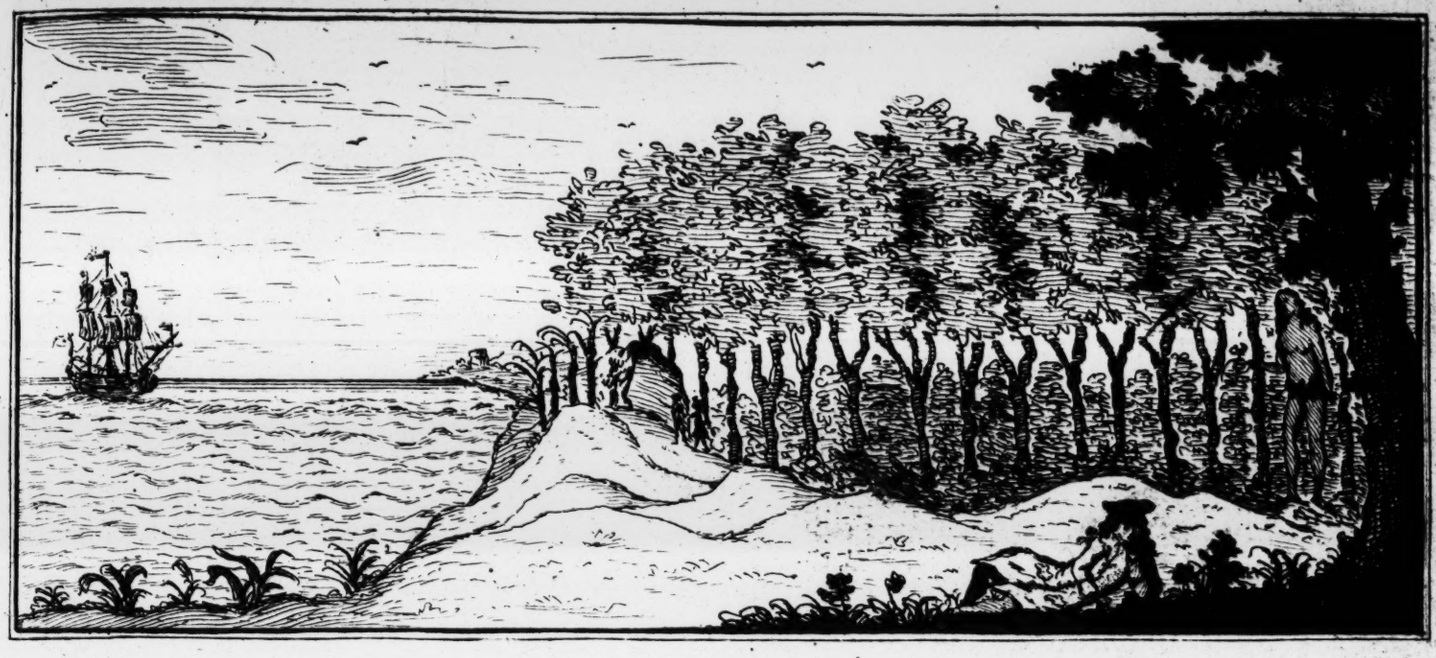
By Sir John Suckling.

I Tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen:
Oh things without compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on *Engliſh* ground,
Be it at wake, or fair.
At *Charing croſs*, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our hay,
There is a houſe with ſtairs;
And there did I ſee coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Vorty at leaſt, in pairs.
Amongſt the reſt, one peſt'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walk'd on before the reſt:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king (God bleſs him) 'would undo him,
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.
At courſe a-park, without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the maids i'th' town:
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the green,
Or *Vincent* of the crown.
But wot you what? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haſte,
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid——and thereby hangs a tale——
For ſuch a maid not *Whitſon* ale
Could ever yet produce:
Nor grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juice.
Her finger was ſo ſmall, the ring
Would not ſtay on which they did bring.
It was too wide a peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It look'd like the great collar (juſt)
About our young colt's neck.
Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! ſhe dances ſuch a way!
No ſun upon an *Eaſter*-day,
Is half ſo fine a ſight.
He would have kiſs'd her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was ſo nice,
She would not do't in ſight;
And then ſhe look'd as who ſhould ſay
I will do what I liſt to day;
And you ſhall do't at night.
Her cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No dazy makes compariſon,
(Who ſees them is undone)
For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Katherine* pear,
The ſide that's next the ſun.
Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had ſtung it newly.
But (*Dick*) her eyes ſo guard her face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Than on the ſun in *July*.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get,
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or bettter,
And are not ſpent a whit.
If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin,
The Parſon himſelf had guilty been,
She look'd that day ſo purely:
And did the youth, ſo oft the feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him, ſurely.
Paſſion o' me! how I run on!
There's that, that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow; beſides the bride.
The bus'neſs of the kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.
Juſt in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His Summons did obey.
Each ſerving-man with diſh in hand,
March'd bodly up, like our train'd band,
Preſented and away.
When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very reaſon was,
Before the parſon could ſay grace,
The company was ſeated.
Now hats fly off, and youths carouſe;
Healths firſt go round, and then the houſe,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made hers by ſtealth,
And who could help it *Dick*?
O'th' ſudden up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again, and ſigh and glance:
Thence dance again and kiſs.
Thus ſev'ral ways the time did paſs,
Whilſt ev'ry woman wiſh'd her place,
And ev'ry man wiſh'd his.
By this time all were ſtol'n aſide
To council and undreſs the bride;
But that he muſt not know;
But yet 'twas thought he gueſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo.
When in he came *(Dick)* there ſhe lay,
Like new-fal'n ſnow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part.
Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
Good bw'y, with all my heart.
But juſt as Heav'n would have to croſs it,
In came the bride-maids with the poſſet:
The bridegroom eat in ſpight;
For had he left the women to't,
It wou'd have cyſt two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.
At length the candles out; and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before.
With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

THE THEATRE OF WIT, &c.



Of INGRATITUDE.

Having entertained my readers in one of the foregoing numbers with a ſtory on Gratitude, *I ſhall here inſert another juſt on the contrary, which is as follows:*

ONE Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty years, embarked in the *Downs* on the good ſhip called the *Achilles*, bound to the *Weſt-Indies*, on the 16th of *June*, 1674, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandiſe. Our adventurer was the third ſon of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to inſtil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect maſter of numbers, and conſequently giving him a quick view of loſs and advantage, and preventing the natural impulſes of his paſſions, by prepoſſeſſion towards his intereſts. With a mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a perſon every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, ſtrength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair looſely flowing on his ſhoulders. It happened, in the courſe of the voyage, that the *Achilles*, in ſome diſtreſs, put into a creek on the main of *America*, in ſearch of proviſions. The youth, who is the hero of my ſtory, among others went aſhore on this occaſion. From their firſt landing they were obſerved by a party of *Indians*, who hid themſelves in the woods for that purpoſe. The *Engliſh* unadviſedly marched a great diſtance from the ſhore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who ſlew the greateſt number of them. Our adventurer eſcaped among others, by flying into a foreſt. Upon his coming into a remote and pathleſs part of the wood, he threw himſelf, tired, and breathleſs, on a little hillock, when an *Indian* maid ruſhed from a thicket behind him. After the firſt ſurprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *Europian* was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked *American*; the *American* was no leſs taken with the dreſs, complexion, and ſhape of an *European*, covered from head to foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and conſequently ſolicitous for his preſervation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where ſhe gave him a delicious repaſt of fruits, and led him to a ſtream to ſlack his thirſt. In the midſt of theſe good offices, ſhe would play with his hair, and delight in the oppoſition of its colour to that of her fingers: Then open his boſom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it ſeems, a perſon of diſtinction, for ſhe every day came to him in a different dreſs, of the moſt beautiful ſhells, bugles, and bredes. She likewiſe brought him a great many ſpoils, which her other lovers had preſented to her, ſo that his Cave was richly adorned with all the ſpotted skins of beaſts, and moſt party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, ſhe would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moon-light, to unfrequented groves and ſolitudes, and ſhew him where to lie down in ſafety, and ſleep amidſt the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occaſions to conſult his ſafety. In this manner did the lovers paſs away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated

to his miſtreſs, how happy he ſhould be to have her in his country, where ſhe ſhould be cloathed in ſuch ſilks as his waiſtcoat was made of, and be carried in houſes drawn by horſes, without being expoſed to wind or weather. All this he promiſed her the enjoyment of, without ſuch fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correſpondence theſe lovers lived for ſeveral months, when *Yarico*, inſtructed by her lover, diſcovered a veſſel on the coaſt to which ſhe made ſignals; and in the night with the utmoſt joy and ſatisfaction, accompanied him to a ſhip's-crew of his countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a veſſel from the main arrives in that iſland, it ſeems the planters come down to the ſhore, where there is an immediate market of the *Indians* and other ſlaves, as with us of horſes and oxen.

To be ſhort, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *Engliſh* territories, began ſeriouſly to reflect upon his loſs of time, and to weigh with himſelf how many days intereſt of his money he has loſt during his ſtay with *Yarico*. This thought made the young man very penſive, and careful what account he ſhould be able to give to his worldly father, and other friends, at his return home from his voyage; who, inſtead of a wealthy cargoe, ſhould meet him conducting home a poor ſilly *Indian* girl. Upon which conſideration, the more prudent and frugal young man propoſed to ſell his before admired *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* merchant; notwithſtanding the many interceſſions the poor girl made, and the more to incline him to commiſerate her wretched condition, told him that ſhe was with child by him; but he deaf to all complaints, only made uſe of the information, to raiſe his demands upon the purchaſer for two inſtead of one; which he did with little concern, and left the poor creature drownd in tears to bewail her loſt condition, while he as well pleas'd, purſued his voyage home to *England*.

Too often thoſe whom we with kindneſs fill,
Requite our love with hate, our good with ill.

ÆNIGMA.

By Mr. PRIOR.

BY birth I'm a ſlave, yet can give you a crown:
I diſpoſe of all honours, my ſelf having none:
I'm oblig'd by juſt maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own maſter, and lie with his wife.
When men are a gaming, I cunningly ſneak,
And their cudgels and ſhovels away from them take.
Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds though ne'er ſo well ſet.
But when I have comrades, we rob in whole bands,
Then we preſently take off your lands from your hands.
But this fury once over, I've ſuch whinning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own hearts.

J. Sue Sc. So. 1745.

The FARMER *and the* MONKEY.

A TALE.

ONE day, an honeſt *farmer* went
(*Roger* by name) to pay his rent;
The Bumkin, in his very beſt,
And prim as any quaker dreſt,
Did, with a booriſh kind of pride,
Sure-footed, ſturdy *Brock* beſtride.
His fob replete with glitt'ring pence,
Gave him an air of confidence:
But yet it griev'd the gaffer ſore,
To think, how ſoon the precious ore
Muſt for his landlord be ſecur'd,
By that inſatiate leech, the ſteward:
The thought e'en pierc'd him to the heart;
But deareſt friends, alas! muſt part.
He ſpoke;——with harneſs'd heel then ſpur'd
Poor *Brock*, and made him grunt and gurd.
At length arriving at the *ſquire*'s,
He for his *Landlord* ſtraight inquires,
Diſmounts, and gives the horſe ſome hay,
And tow'rds the houſe then takes his way.
Into the ſteward's hall he's led;
Where, tho' not o'er-genteely bred,
Hodge to the bailiff makes a bow,
As nicely as he well knew how.
This done,—the fumbling, lab'ring lout
The loaded leathern purſe lugs out;
Empties the glitt'ring, ſplendid ſtore,
Which with great care is counted o'er.——
The ſteward gives him a receipt:
The cook, his belly-full of meat;
Nor does the jolly butler fail
To bring in jugs of nappy ale.
Hodge ſmoak'd his pipe; and freely drinking,
Forgot his purſe had quite done chinking.
By fellow-farmers now beſet,
(Upon the like occaſion met)
At length he's almoſt overcome!
'Tis now high time to think of home.
He riſes,——takes his leave of all;
And tries to ſtand,——but fears to f
Then, bending towards the block
From thence he mounts upon his h
Alone he budg'd;——for, 'lack-a-
The reſt all gang'd a diff'rent wa
And yet he went not quite alone;
As in the ſequel ſhall be ſhewn:
Now, on he jogs, with great co
Rejoic'd at having paid his rent:
But, having partly got his load,
In an unſteady manner rode.
Pot-valiant grown, courageous *Ro*
Thought, he could make a ſpecial
Valu'd no mortal of a louſe;——and
Of foes could kill,——at leaſt a thouſand.
But all this valour nought avail'd him:
Alas!——his courage quickly fail'd him.
For, paſſing o'er a dreary green,
Where dreadful *ſpectres* had been ſeen,
(By crazy coxcombs half aſleep,)
Poor *Roger* ſideways chanc'd to peep.
Fair *Cynthia* ſhone with ſplendid light,
He ſaw——a ſad, tremendous *ſight*,
That caus'd his hair to ſtand upright;
Beſide that, which his body made,
Appeared a more frightful ſhade,

THE THEATRE OF WIT, &c. 265

Softly he turn'd his head;——and then,
He look'd,—and turn'd,—and look'd again.
But taking courage more, at laſt
A glance he o'er his ſhoulder caſt.
When plainly thus reveal'd to fight,
He look'd upon th' infernal *ſpright!*
Now you muſt know, where *Hodge* had been,
They kept a *Monkey*,——he'd not ſeen;
To pleaſe the lady *Pug* was kept;
And he, to pleaſe himſelf, had leapt——
Behind poor *Roger*, on the horſe:
Of what enſu'd,——this, this, the ſource.
At ſight of this tremendous *Monkey*,
How did he ſtare!——and, O—how ſt—nk he!
For ev'ry time poor *Roger* ſtarted,
It ſeems, he ſomewhat more than farted.
Hack-back-cack keck, the *Monkey* cry'd,
And grin'd, in griſly ſort, beſide.
O!—then how did poor *Roger* pant,
How mend his pace!——ſays he, *avaunt!*
Satan, avaunt!——I thee reſiſt;
(He ſpoke,——and felt himſelf bep-ſt.)
And do thou, Satan,——from——me fly:
Satan, avaunt!——I thee——defy,
Thee I——defy!——then let——me go:
I am,——as all——my neighbours know,
A righteous man,——and good pſalm-ſinger;
Nor long——to pay my rent——e'er linger.
Beginning now to feel the ſpur,
Brock gallop'd wi' th' wrong foot before:
And *Pug* around poor *Roger*'s neck,
Claſping his paws, cry'd,—*back back-keck.*
The *farmer frighted* worſe than ever,
All o'er, like *Aſpen* leaf, did ſhiver.
And he who lately did ſo goſter,
Strove now to ſay his *pater-noſter.*
Like culprit mounted on the ladder,
Stamm'ring, he ſays,——*Our fa-fa-father,*
Which art——in ha-ha heaven,——(Oh!
Satan, avaunt!——and let me go;)
Hall ha-ha hallowed be thy name:
(To drink ſo much,—I was to blame.)
Thy king—thy ke-ke-kingdom—come:
(O! that—I were but ſafe—at home!)
Thus pray'd poor *Hodge*, and homeward hy'd;
Thus *Pug*, with *back back-keck*, reply'd;
And held him by the *farmer* faſt:
Who (heav'n be prais'd) got home, at laſt.
Roger forthwith began to roar,——
Crying, open, deareſt wife, the door;
Make haſte!—make haſte!—or I'm undone;
Satan, avaunt! I ſay, be gone.
Joan, frighted ſorely, came at laſt,
To ſee what held her ſpouſe ſo faſt;
Soon by the glaring candle light,
Both plainly ſaw this ghaſtly ſpright;
And *Hodge* much frighted more than hurt,
Requir'd for Shame, a cleaner ſhirt.
Thus got he freed from all his pain,
And madam had her *Pug* again.

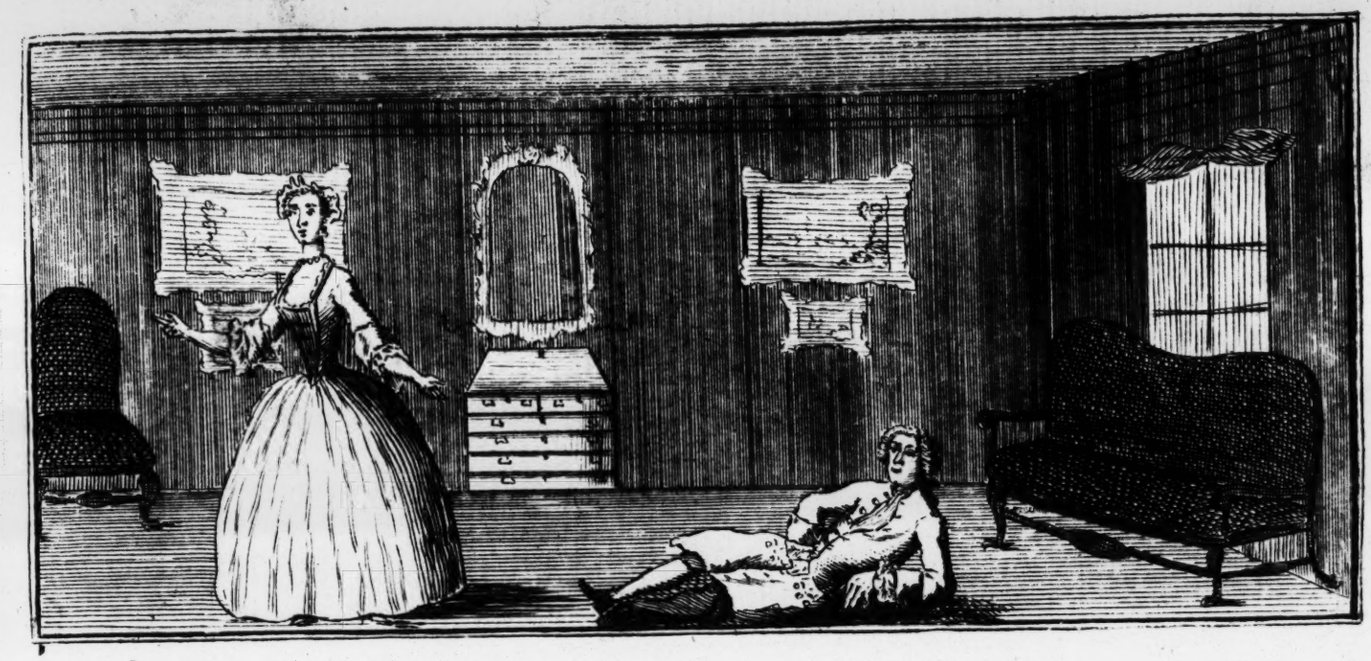
A SIMILE for the LADIES.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the ſand-hills to the ſea;
The ſetting ſun adorn'd the coaſt,
His beams entire, his fierceneſs loſt;
And, on the ſurface of the deep,
The winds lay only not aſleep:
The nymph did like the ſcene appear,
Serenely joyous, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With ſecret joy I heard her ſay,
That ſhe wou'd never miſs one day
A walk ſo fine, a ſight ſo gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempeſts charge the ſky;
The light'ning flies, the thunder roars?
And big waves laſh the frighten'd ſhoars.
Struck with the horror of the ſight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And trembling vows, ſhe'll ne'er again,
Approach the ſhore, or view the main.
Once more at leaſt look back, ſaid I;
Thy ſelf in that large glaſs deſcry:
When thou art in good humour dreſt;
When gentle reaſon rules thy breaſt,
The ſun upon the calmeſt ſea
Appears not half ſo bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundleſs depth of love;
I bleſs my chain, I hand my car?
Nor think on all I left on ſhoar.
But when vain doubts and groundleſs fear,
Do that dear fooliſh boſom tear;
When the big lip and wat'ry eye,
[illegible] ſtorm is nigh;
'Tis then thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and daſh'd by rain;
And the poor ſailor, that muſt try,
Its fury, labours leſs than I.
Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate ſtill drive me back;
Forc'd to adore thee thy own way,
I chide thee firſt, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vext when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

Of a Remarkable STORY.

How a young gentleman, that had try'd all other methods unſucceſsfully, frighted his miſtreſs to comply with him, by threatning to ſtarve himſelf in her cloſet.

MOnſ. *Deleu*, a gay young gentleman, had courted a lady two years; but without making the leaſt progreſs in her affection. All his ſervices, his cares, his reſpects, his complaints; in ſhort, all his tears and proteſtations, had prov'd unſucceſsful. One day happening to be alone with her in her room, he fairly and plainly told her, that ſince nothing was capable of touching her, he was fully reſolv'd to die, and put an end to his pains. This diſcourſe, I muſt confeſs, had nothing that was ſingular in it: For a thouſand men have threaten'd to diſpatch themſelves, that never intended it; but what follows, you'll own to be very particular. *And to the end, madam*, ſays he, *that you may fully enjoy my death, and have the ſatisfaction to ſee it ſteal upon me by degrees, I am reſolv'd to die for hunger here in your cloſet.* When that he flung himſelf upon the ſhoar, reſolving to put his deſign in execu-



tion from that very moment. The young lady only laugh'd at him, and left him there, making no queſtion but that he would be gone in leſs than a quarter of an hour. In the mean time the evening approach'd; yet our truſty lover ſtill continu'd in the cloſet. She came to ſee him, and ask'd him whether his brains were now grown addle, and whether he intended to take up his quarters there? To both which queſtions our gentleman made no manner of reply; ſo that the lady was oblig'd to leave him. In ſhort, the night paſs'd, and next morning the lady came very early, to adviſe him to lay aſide this fooliſh reſolution; but all ſhe could get from him was. *Madam, I have already done myſelf the honour to acquaint you with my laſt intentions.* Having ſaid this, he look'd languiſhingly upon her, fetch'd a deep ſigh, and turn'd his head the other Way. On the third day our lady, more perplex'd than ever, brought him ſomthing to eat with her own hands. 'Tis impoſſible to tell you with what a ſcornful look he beheld it. He appear'd, in this ſhort time, to be conſiderably weakned; his eyes look'd dead and heavy, his complexion pale, and there ſeem'd to be ſomthing wild and diſtracted in his locks. The fourth day no ſooner arriv'd, but our lady began ſeriouſly and gravely to conſider what a cruel ſcandal this would be to her, if ſhe did not take care to prevent it. How! a man die in my cloſet, kill'd by deſpair, kill'd by hunger! I am utterly undone, if I don't hinder it. What malicious ſtories will the neighbourhood raiſe of me, if this ſhould happen? Perhaps by this time too love had gain'd ſome ground upon her heart; and I am apt to believe, for my part, that love work'd as powerfully with her, as to go and argue the matter with him; and after a long exhortation, which he did not ſeem to underſtand, becauſe he was in a manner dead; ſhe told him, that ſince all the arguments ſhe had offer'd to him could not get him out of her cloſet, ſhe was willing to let him go out upon his own conditions. With this, our poor lover caſt an amorous look at her, and ask'd her, whether what he heard was true, or only an illuſion of his ſenſes? She ſatisfy'd him, that all was true; when immediately life return'd to him, and not only life, but a ſurpriſing vigour, which enabled him to pay off part of his debt to madam, before ſhe ever ſtirr'd out of the cloſet. Never did lover make a more honourable retreat, that's certain. In all probability, our lady was mightily pleas'd with her own charms, ſince they had efficacy enough to perform ſo miraculous a cure; and I don't doubt but in reality they had a good ſhare in the miracle. But then, 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to aſſume it to themſelves, but to divide the glory of it with a cold neat's-tongue, a roll of bread, and a bottle of wine, which our lover had dexterouſly convey'd under a couch, which was in the cloſet; for you muſt know, that foreſeeing he was to die, he had taken care, like a good chriſtian as he was, to make ſome preparation for it before-hand.

You may find, by this ſhort ſtory, that our cavilier had come off but bluely, had the lady's rigour continu'd: but to our comfort be it remember'd, her virtuous reſolutions did not hold out ſo long as a ſmall *French* roll, and a ſingle bottle of wine.

As after ſtorms the ſun more bright appears,
That joy is greateſt, which is rais'd by fears:
This is the comfort moſt true lovers find.

J. June In. fe. 1746.

The Two HERMETS *Progreſs; or, The Metamorphes of* Baucis, *and* Philemon.

By *D. Swift.*

IN antient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells;
And ſtrole about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write;
Two brother hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their tour in maſquerade?
Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits went,
To a ſmall village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the ſtrollers canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a ſoul would let 'em in.
Our wand'ring ſaints in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village paſt,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt.
Where dwelt a good old honeſt yeoman,
Call'd in the neighbourhood, *Philemon.*
Who kindly did the ſaints invite,
In his poor hut to paſs that night;
And then the hoſpitable fire,
Bid goody *Baucis* mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took,
A flitch of bacon off the hook.
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out a large ſlice to be fry'd:
Then ſtept aſide to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink;
And ſaw it fairly twice go round,
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top;
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple was amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighted to the heart,
And juſt began to cry——what art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims ſoon aware on't,
Told 'em their calling and their errant;
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but ſaints, the Hermits ſaid:
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours;
But, for that pack of churliſh boors,
Not fit to live on chriſtian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke; when, fair and ſoft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.
The kittle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a Joiſt;
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
It's inclination for below.
In vain, for a ſuperior force,
Apply'd at bottom, ſtops in courſe,
Doom'd ever in ſuſpence to ſtand.
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt, by diſuſe, the art to roaſt,

L.June. In. fe. 1746.

A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlow'r:
The flyer, though't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick, you ſcarce cou'd ſee't;
But ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide;
The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd:
And ſtill its love to houſhold cares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft, in publick view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads paſted on the wall,
Of *Joan* of *France*, and *Engliſh Moll*,
Fair Roſamond, and *Robin Hood*,
The little Children in the Wood;
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.
A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their antient nature keep,
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The cottage, by ſuch feats as theſe,
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,
The Hermits then deſir'd their hoſt,
To ask for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a-while,
Return'd 'em thanks in homely ſtile:
Then ſaid; my houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks I ſtill would call it mine:
It's old, and fain would live at eaſe,
Make me the parſon, if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke, and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding ſleeve:
His waſtcoat to a caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
But being old, continu'd juſt,
As thread-bare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of tythes and dues,
Could ſmoke his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vampt in the preface and the text;
At chriſt'nings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart:
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt;
Againſt diſſenters would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *right Divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem,
But claſſic authors——he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
[illegible] next they play'd their farce on:

Inſtead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen,
Good pinners edg'd with *Colberteen*;
Her petticoat transform'd apace,
Became black ſattin, flounc'd with lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great ſurprize,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim;
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy, in their change of life,
Were ſeveral years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing on old ſtories paſt,
They went, by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the church yard, to take a walk;
When *Baucis* haſtily cry'd out,
My dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout.
Sprout, quoth the man, what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous;
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And truly yours is budding too——
Nay, now I cannot ſtir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.——
Deſcription would but tire my muſe;
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to *Ews*,
Old goodman *Dobſon* of the *Green*,
Remembers he the trees has ſeen:
He'll talk of them from noon 'till night,
And goes with folks to ſee the ſight.
On *Sundays*, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either *Ew*,
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew:
Till once a parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut *Baucis* down:
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

A Receipt to appeaſe an Angry Husband.

To the LADIES.

AS *Chloe* came into the room t'other day,
I angry began,——Where ſo long cou'd you ſtay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour,
You promis'd at two, and ſee now it is four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with trinkets and ſeals.
A temper ſo heedleſs, no mortal can bear:——
Thus far I went on with a reſolute air.
Lord bleſs me! quoth ſhe, let a body but ſpeak——
Here's an ugly hard roſe bud fal'n down in my neck;
It has hurt me, and vext me to ſuch a degree;
Look here——(for you never believe me) pray ſee.
On the left ſide my breaſt, what a mark it has made——
So ſaying, her boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd.
That ſcene of delight I with wonder ſurvey'd,
And forgot ev'ry word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

ADVICE to Married Men.

TEN months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed;
She warbled her groans with ſo charming a voice,
That one half of the pariſh was ſtun'd with the noiſe.
But when *Florimel* deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before ſhe and her ſpouſe were a kin;
She choſe with ſuch prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurſe, nay her midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.
Learn, huſbands, from hence, for the peace of your wives,
That maids make not half ſuch a tumult as wives.

CORYDON *and* PHILLIS.

A Town ECLOGUE.

Cor. NOW the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail deſcends, and froſts can pinch no more;
Whilſt other girls confeſs the genial ſpring,
And laugh aloud, or am'rous ditties ſing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks diſplay,
And throw each uſeleſs chafing-diſh away,
Why ſits my *Phillis* diſcontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwells ſorrow and diſmay?
Where loves were wont to ſport, and ſmiles to play?

Phil. Ah *Corydon!* ſurvey the *Change* around,
Thro' all the *Change* no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day, when I, poor heedleſs maid,
Was to your rooms in *Lincoln's Inn* betray'd,
Then how you ſwore, how many vows you made!
Ye liſtening *Zephyrs*, that o'er-heard his love,
Waſt the ſoft accents to the Gods above.
Alas! the day; for, oh eternal ſhame!
I ſold you handkerchiefs, and loſt my fame.

Cor. When I forget the favour you beſtow'd,
Red herrings ſhall be ſpawn'd in *Tyburn* Road,
Fleet ſtreet transform'd become a flow'ry green,
And maſs be ſung where *Opera*'s are ſeen:
The wealthy cit, and the *St. James*'s beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing This to *Jonathan*'s ſhall come,
At the *Groom-Porter*'s That play off his plum.

Phil. But what to me does all that love avail,
If whilſt I doze at home with porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My live-long hours in anxious cares are paſs'd,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waſte.
On templer's ſpruce in vain I glances throw,
And with ſhrill voice invite them as they go;
Expos'd in vain my gloſſy ribbands ſhine,
And unreguarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round, and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

Cor. Hard fate of virtue thus to be diſtreſs'd,
Thou faireſt of thy trade, and far the beſt!
As fruit-men's ſtalls the ſummer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as firſt in place
Plumb-cake is ſeen o'er ſmaller paſtry ware,
And ice on that; ſo *Phillis* does appear
In play-houſe and in park, above the reſt
Of belles mechanick, elegantly dreſs'd.

Phil. And yet *Crepundia*, that conceited fair,
Amidſt her toys, affects a ſaucy air,
And views me hourly with a ſcornful eye.

Cor. She might as well with bright *Cleora* vie.

Phil. With this large petticoat I ſtrive in vain
To hide my folly paſt, and coming pain;
'Tis now no ſecret; ſhe, and fifty more,
Obſerve the ſymptoms I had once before.
A ſecond babe at *Wapping* muſt be plac'd,
When I ſcarce bear the charges of the laſt.

Cor. What I could raiſe I ſent; a pound of plumbs,
Five ſhillings, and a coral for the gums:
To-morrow I intend him ſomething more.

Phil. I ſent a frock and pair of ſhoes before.

Cor. However you ſhall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight:
I have in ſtore a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either ſide, and all around,
The weighty ſhop-boards fall, and bars reſound;
Each ready ſeamſtreſs ſlips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

A Dialogue between Celia *and* Damon.

Celia. *Damon* I am come alone,
According as I ſaid;
But whither is thy honour flown?
I fear I am betray'd.
Thy looks are chang'd, and in the place
Of innocent deſires,
Methinks I ſee thy eyes and face
Burn with unuſual fires.
Damon. See's not my *Celia* nature wear
One count'nance in the ſpring,
And yet another ſhape prepare
To bring the harveſt in?
Look on the eagle, how unlike
He to the egg is found,
When he prepares his pounce to ſtrike
His prey againſt the ground:
Fears might my infant love become;
'Twere want of kindneſs now,
Should modeſty my hopes benum,
Or check what you allow.
Celia. O *Damon* hold, what could you worſe,
To worſt of women do;
Ah! how could you a paſſion nurſe
So much my honour's foe?
Dam. Make not an idol of a toy,
Which every breath can ſhake,
Which all muſt have, or none enjoy,
What courſe ſo e'er we take:
Whilſt women hate, or men are vain,
You cannot be ſecure;
What makes my *Celia* then a pain
So fruitleſs to endure?
Celia. Could I the world neglect for thee,
Thy love, tho' dear it coſt,
In ſome unkind conceit of me,
Would be untimely loſt:
Thou would'ſt thy own example fear,
And every heedleſs word
I chance let fall beyond thy care,
Would ſome new doubt afford.
Dam. If I am jealous, 'tis becauſe
I know not where you love;
With me fulfil love's gentle laws,
And all my fears remove.
Celia. Women like things at ſecond hand,
Do half their value looſe,
But whilſt all courtſhip they withſtand,
May at their pleaſure chooſe.
Dam. This were a fine diſcourſe, my dear,
If we were not alone;
But now love whiſpers in my ear,
There's ſomewhat to be done.
She ſaid ſhe never would forgive,
He kiſſing, ſwore ſhe ſhou'd;
And told her ſhe was mad to ſtrive
Againſt their mutual good.
What farther paſt, I cannot tell,
But ſure not much amiſs;
He vow'd he lov'd her dearly well,
She anſwer'd with a kiſs.

A Dialogue between Celia and Damon.

Cel. Indeed I am not alone,
According as I said;
For whether is thy honour flown?
I fear I am betray'd.
Thy looks are chang'd, and in the place
Of innocent desires,
Burn with unusual fires.
Dam. See'st not my Celia near me?
One count nance in the spring,
And yet another shape prepare
To bring the harvest in:
Look on the eagle, how unlike
He to the egg is found,
When he prepares his powrce to strike
His prey against the ground:
Fears might my infant love become;
Were want of kindness now,
Could modesty my hopes benum,
Or check where you allow.
Cel. O Damon bold, what could you say
To work of woman do;
Or how could you a passion make
So much my honour's foe?
Dam. Make not an idol of a toy,
Which every breath can shake.
Which all must have, or none enjoy,
Nor seek to ease to ease take;
Why should women hate, or men not rage,
Nay, what should be then a pain
In hope unkind cause of me,
Would be merely lost;
Thou would'st by thy own example learn,
And every needless ward
Chance let fall beyond my care,
Would lome new doubt afford.
Dam. If I am jealous, 'tis because
I know not where you love;
With me fulfil love's gentle law,
And all my fears remove.
Cel. Women have strong reasons urged
To half their value lose,
Un whilst all courtship they withstand,
May at their pleasure choose.
Dam. This were a fine discourse, my dear,
If we were not alone;
But now love whispers in my ear,
There's none but he would forgive,
The ruling, simple line thou'd;
And told her sighs was mad to strive
Against their mutual good.
What farther pass, I cannot tell,
But sure pot much amiss;
He vowed he loved her dearly well,
She answered with a kiss.

A Comical Panegyrick on that familiar Animal, by the Vulgar call'd a LOUSE.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

TRemendous louſe, who can withſtand thy pow'r,
Since fear at firſt taught mortals to adore?
What mighty diſproportion do we ſee
In *Adam*'s glory, when compar'd with thee?
With greater latitude thy patent ran,
Freely you rov'd o'er all the world of man;
And almoſt like almighty *Jove* alone,
Enjoy a being you receive from none.
Well might the ſage philoſophers of old,
Their juſtling Atoms for authentick hold;
For what thou art, alas, we know too well,
But whence thy being is, we cannot tell.
Nor is thy empire meaner than thy birth,
Thou'rt made of mold Refin'd, not common Earth.
Whether thou rul'ſt by a monarchick ſway,
Or by three ſtates, we paſſively obey.
The boldeſt Hero whom ambition arms,
Faces grim death, but ſhrugs at thy alarms.
Thou to their Hearts haſt often nearer been,
Than either their Religion or their Queen;
And haſt a much more conſtant harbour there
Than any thing but Villainy and fear.
The ſparkiſh general often dreads thy ſight
More than the numerous foes he ſtands to fight;
And tho' his happy ſtandards do prevail,
E'er night, to thee he ſurely turns his tail.
Thou the grand Seignior doſt ſurpaſs in pride,
Since thou on Chriſtians backs in ſtate does ride,
And haſt ſuch Catholick and reſiſtleſs charms,
That Prince and Prelate under thee bear arms.
The very Noncons and the Church we ſee,
Tho' when they pray to God, they diſagree,
Yet fight with uniformity for thee:
And for thy ſake, with wretchedneſs each day
Laviſh their blood more freely than their pay.
Nature refines, what is by nature crude,
For thee ſhe cooks and dreſſes human blood,
To make it to thy palate dainty food.
No wonder then that thou with thoſe that fight
So much art ſeen, ſince both in blood delight;
Or that thou ſhould'ſt exert ſuch ſturdy valour
Againſt thy enemy, the prick-louſe taylor,
To take him every moment by the collar.
How many heroes haſt thou forc'd to yield,
And ſtripp'd to own thee maſter of the field?
But tho' ſo many virtues in thee ſhine,
That we can hardly think thee not Divine,
It wou'd be great injuſtice to paſs o'er,
How kind thou art, and mindful of the poor;
Whate'er befals 'em of calamity,
They're certain of a boſom Friend in thee;
How often to oblige 'em you endeavour,
Thoſe marks denote you liſt 'em in your favour.
Nor are they quite ungrateful in return,
If any, yet clean linnen's never worn;
The cripple too finds legs to ſtrole the ſtreets,
To beg for thee of every one he meets;
Content with thee, and ſtraw, inſtead of ſheets.
As briskly too thou haſt aſſiſted thoſe
That ethnick ſuperſtition did oppoſe,
But ſtuck moſt orthodoxly to their ſide
That for the true religion would have dy'd.
That when the Hugonots of *France* came o'er,
Millions of you came ſwarming to the ſhore.
So *Jacob*'s children, by the help of *Lice*,
Obtain'd the Canaanitiſh paradice.
And you, we find, as formidable prove,
As rattling thunder in the hand of *Jove*.
Who can thy power deſcribe, thy glories ſcan,
Thou lord of Nature, ſince thou'rt lord of Man.

A SATIRE on MARRIAGE.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

THE husband's the pilot, the wife is the ocean,
He always in danger, ſhe always in motion;
And he that in wedlock twice hazards his carcaſe,
Twice ventures a drowning, and faith that's a hard caſe;
Ev'n at our own weapons the females defeat us,
And death, only death, can ſign our Quietus.
Nor to tell ye ſad ſtories of liberty loſt,
How our mirth is all pall'd, and our pleaſure all croſt;
This pagan confinement, this damnable ſtation,
Suits no order, nor age, nor degree in the nation.
The levite it keeps from parochial duty,
For who can at once mind religion and beauty?
The rich it alarms with expences and trouble,
And a poor beaſt, you know, can ſcarce carry double;
'Twas invented, they tell you, to keep us from falling;
Oh, the virtue and grace of a ſhrill caterwauling.
But it palls in your game. Ah, but how do you know, ſir, [ſure?
How often your neighbour breaks up your inclo-
For this is the principal comfort of marriage,
You muſt eat, tho' a hundred have ſpit in your porridge.
If at night you're unactive, and fail of performing,
Enter thunder and lightning, and bloodſhed, next morning. [ner,
Takes the bone of your ſide, thanks, dear [illegible] Hor-
This comes of your ſinning with *Crape* in a corner.
Then to make up the breach, all your ſtrength you muſt rally,
Labour and ſweat like a ſlave at the galley.
Yet ſtill you muſt charge, oh bleſſed condition!
Tho' you know, to your coſt, you've no ammunition.
Fire, female and flood, begin with a letter,
And the world's for them all not a farthing the better. [ble,
Your flood is ſoon gone; your fire you may hum-
If into the flame ſtore of water you tumble;
But to cool the damn'd heat of your wive's titillation [nation,
You may uſe half the engines and pumps in the
But may piſs out as well the laſt conflagration.

The Artful *WIFE.* Or; the Penitent *CUCKOLD.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

NOT long ſince at a publick entertainment to which *Charidemus*, a gay young ſpark, invited ſeveral of his friends: Amongſt the reſt, there was a certain lady, whom that Latitudinarian of a lover *Charidemus*, who flies boldly at all game, meeting accidentally in the ſtreet, as he was upon the hunt, muſt needs oblige her to ſup with him. After all the gueſts were arriv'd, the maſter of the feaſt comes into the room, ſpruc'd up as fine as a lord, and brought with him an old venerable gentleman, who, it ſeems, was his friend. Our young female no ſooner ſaw him come into the room, but ſhe immediately flew into the next apartment, and ſending for *Charidemus* to come to

her; Lord! ſays ſhe, what have you done? You have utterly ruin'd me: That old fellow you brought along with you is my husband, the moſt jealous, ill-natur'd, yellowpated dog, that ever was known, and as ſurly and peeviſh as he is jealous: he certainly knew me by my mantua, for 'tis not a full week ſince he gave it; and I perceiv'd he kept his eyes inceſſantly upon it; ſo that when he comes home, our houſe will be until'd, that's certain; and if I eſcape with the loſs of a leg or an arm, I come off cheaper than I expect: But after all, ſays ſhe, perhaps ways and means may be found to put the doctor upon the old prig: be you therefore ſo kind as to ſend me out of hand a plate full of victuals to my houſe, and I warrant you I'll manage my tyrant rarely, and make him as meek as a lamb before I have done with him. 'Twas no ſooner propos'd but agreed upon: ſo ſhe took the ſhorteſt cut to her houſe, that ſhe might get thither before her lord and maſter; and taking a neighbour's wife along with her, both of them lay'd their heads together how they might beſt dumbfound the jealous coxcomb. They were hardly got within doors, but in comes Sir *Fumble* the *cholerick*, roaring and ſwearing like a dragon, and calling the wife of his boſom a thouſand whores and ſtrumpets: Well, you inſatiable cockatrice, ſays he, I'll put it out of your power to abuſe me or my bed any longer! my eyes are not ſo bad, but I knew you well enough to night by your mantua; but I'm reſolv'd to ſpoil your gadding abroad for the future. With that he ran furiouſly to his ſword, when the other woman who had retir'd into the next chamber, pops very ſeaſonably into the room. Neighbour, cries ſhe, here is your mantua again, and I give you a thouſand thanks for the uſe of it. I was invited out to an entertainment this afternoon, which made me make ſo bold with you: and pray, madam, be ſo kind to accept of ſomething that I have brought you: with that ſhe uncovers the plate, and ſet it before her. When the old muſty cuckold ſaw this, the ſky clear'd up with him in a trice; his ſuſpicions vaniſh'd, his jealouſy was nonplus'd? nay, the ſcene was ſo wonderfully chang'd, that from a haughty imperious tyrant, he became the moſt obſequious ſlave that might be. Dear ſubſee, cries he, I own I was in the wrong. But what ſhall I ſay? the beſt of us may be ſometimes miſtaken. Truly, truly, I was beſide myſelf; my paſſion had made me as blind as a beetle: but prithee, dear wife, lay a fine upon me, and ſee it be a good heavy fine too; a necklace of pearl, a new gown and petticoat, or ſome ſuch matter; for I'm reſolv'd to purchaſe my peace with thee, let it coſt me what it will. But what a mercy was it, my pretty pigſnye, that our neighbour ſhould come in ſo luckily, and thereby prevent the effuſion of my dear ſpouſe's blood. Thus the old gentleman humbled himſelf before his wife; and to ſhew his gratitude for this ſtrange deliverance, muſt needs go to church immediately. His pious wife made her beſt uſe of this opportunity, ſends for her gallant, and cuckolds her husband, that now he might have occaſion to thank heaven for ſomewhat.

LOVE *and* FRIENDSHIP; *A* PASTORAL.

AMARYLLIS.

While from the skies the ruddy ſun deſcends
And riſing night the ev'ning ſhade extends
While pearly dews o'erſpread the fruitful field;
And cloſing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath theſe ſpreading trees, recite,
What from our hearts our muſes may indite.
Nor need we, in this cloſe retirement, fear,
Leſt any ſwain our am'rous ſecrets hear.

SILVIA.

To ev'ry ſhepherd I would mine proclaim,
Since fair *Aminta* is my ſofteſt theme:
A ſtranger to the looſe delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendſhip prove:
And, while its pure and ſacred fire I ſing,
Chaſt goddeſs of the groves, thy ſuccour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breaſt inſpire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleaſing fire:
Propitious god of love, thy ſuccour bring,
Whilſt I thy darling, thy *Alexis* ſing.
Alebis, as the opening bloſſoms fair,
Lovely as light, and ſoft as yielding air.
For him each virgin ſighs; and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the ecchoing groves, and whiſp'ring ſpring,
In ſweeter ſtrains does artful *Conon* ſing;
When loud applauſes fill the crowded groves,
And *Phœbus* the ſuperior ſong approves.

SILVIA.

Beauteous *Aminta* is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy ſhades of night.
When ſhe is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confeſs her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay deſires,
In ev'ry breaſt the beauteous nymph inſpires:
And on the plain when ſhe no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy proſpect wears.
In vain the ſtreams roll on, the eaſtern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees;
In vain the birds begin their ev'ning ſong,
And to the ſilent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor cryſtal ſtreams, nor verdant field
Does wonted pleaſures in her abſence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And in his abſence, all the penſive day,
In ſome obſcure retreat I lonely ſtray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying ſtrain.
Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales reſound.

SILVIA.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring ſtream,
Aminta is my muſe's ſofteſt theme:
'Tis ſhe that does my artful notes refine;
With fair *Aminta*'s name my nobleſt verſe ſhall ſhine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine freſh garlands for *Alexis* brows,
And conſecrate to him eternal vows:
The charming youth ſhall my *Apollo* prove;
He ſhall adorn my ſongs, and tune my voice to love.

CAMILLA.

Adieu, ye streams, that smoothly flow
The plains from whence my fair one flows!
Ye birds, that tell in artless strains
Your happy loves, and am'rous pains!
Ye flowery meads, and purling rills,
That wind among the verdant hills!
Ye groves, that echo back the moan
Of a despairing lover's groan!
Ye rocks and caverns, where retired
I oft have sighed what you have heard!
Ye solitudes, all nature round
Unconscious of the secret wound!
And thou, O Camilla, who alone
Art all the world to me, and more than all!
How shall I bear the absence of thy face,
Which thus has fixed my heart in every place?
How wilt thou soften those disdainful charms,
Which kill with pride, and with indifference warms?
Ah! how recall that heedless mind,
Which leaves me pensive and behind?
Or how shall I, alas! endure
The cruel smart of lingering pain,
Which thou, fair author of my woe,
Alone canst cure, and alone canst know?
Thus, while my fancy labours in the deep
Mysterious paths of love, and forms the dreadful steep
Of craggy rocks, and desarts wild,
Which frighted nature has defiled,
Through all the gloomy shades I see
Camilla, and Camilla all to me.
Through all the horrors of the grove
Her radiant beauties shine,
And every place is Paradise
Where I can call her mine.

The Poets *Wish*; By a Gentleman of *Oxford*.

WHEN real bleſſings are to men deny'd,
With airy hopes they gratify their pride;
To every wretch this privilege extends,
However void of acres or of friends:
The bankrupt wiſhes for the ſtateſman's poſt,
And each foot-ſoldier to command an hoſt;
The meaneſt curate that reads pray'rs in town,
Or in the country awes the gaping clown,
Thinks to be call'd, his grace, before he dies,
And looks at *Lambeth* with ambitious eyes;
The brawny Footman, conſcious of his worth,
Forgets his ſervile ſtate and humble birth,
Dreſſes, looks ſpruce, and with deſigning art
Lays tempting ſnares, to catch the Lady's heart;
While the ſnug Chambermaid, with equal pride,
Ogles Sir *John*, and hopes to be his bride.
Like fellow-mortals thus I live on air,
Nor will ſelf love permit me to deſpair,
Tho' fortune ſinks me to my native duſt,
On future bleſſings I ſecurely truſt.
Grant me, kind Heav'n, five hundred pounds a year,
From mortgages, and tythes, and taxes clear;
And (if a beggar might preſume to chuſe)
In a ſweet climate, to oblige my muſe,
Where *Thames* thro' fruitful countries pours his tide,
Or where thy wanton ſtreams, O *Medway* glide;
There lodge me in a pleaſant, rural ſeat,
And let the river murmur at its feet;
Screen'd from the ſun, and ſhelter'd from the wind,
Before a Proſpect, and a Wood behind.
Then grant me, Heav'n, the ſecond boon of life,
Next to a good eſtate, a pretty wife:
A fond, young, toying girl, and full of flame,
Not a cold, phlegmatick, inſipid dame,
In whom good-nature, beauty, and good ſenſe
With equal force their blended charms diſpence,
Tho' virtuous, unreſerv'd, and chaſtly free;
Juſt ſuch as *Laura* is—— or is to *Me*.
Thus fixt in pleaſure, to my wiſhes ſend,
The next ſubſtantial good, a faithful friend,
To whom I may, with an unguarded heart,
My cares, my ſorrows, and my joys impart,
Reveal the doubts that rack my tortur'd mind,
And eaſe and pleaſure in his counſel find:
With books or converſation waſte the day,
And o'er a bottle wear the night away.
And grant me, laſtly, to compleat the reſt,
An honeſt, peaceful, and unſhaken breaſt,
Free from blind zeal and ſuperſtitious fear,
That, what I am, a man I may appear;
That, while I live, no terrors I may know,
And, when death ſtrikes, deſpiſe the tranſient blow.

A Deſcription of a College Room, in Imitation of the Ladies Dreſſing Room.

I Stroll'd one day into a room,
When honeſt *Bob* was not at home;
But as his key was in the door,
I ſat me down for half an hour;
When round the room I caſt my eyes,
A medley of ſuch objects riſe,
That ſtraightway to employ my time,
I thus deſcrib'd them all in rhyme.
A table firſt, which, made of oak,
Had one leg ſhort, another broke;
As much of it as well could ſtand,
Was fill'd with papers, pen, and ſand;
While various books confus'dly lie,
Scotch ſongs, with deep *philoſophy*,
A *Prior* here, and *Euclid* there,
A *Rochester* and *book of prayer*;

Here *Tillotſon* with *French romances*,
And pious *South* with *country dances*;
Here lay a treatiſe on the c—p,
A dirty band, and woollen cap,
A gally-pot, and box of pills;
A remedy for private ills;
Foul pipes and mugs together lay,
With box of beſt *Virginia*.
Two elbow chairs ne'er meant to ſit in,
A word convenience to ſh—t in;
The neweſt method for the fiddle,
A violin broke in the middle,
With great variety of prints,
Of copper-plates, and metzotints;
Here *Phaeton* from heaven was hurl'd,
And here the wonders of the world;
The *Cartoons* mix'd with *Arateens*,
With heads of *Britiſh* kings and queens;
Two pious founders with their mitres,
With *Sturbridge-Fair* and cudgel fighters;
Joan with her conſort Punchanello,
With *Vernon*'s ſiege of *Porto-Bello*;
Here *Drake* that glorious *Engliſh* tar,
With *Ormond* and the *Ruſſian* Czar:
A cat without a tail or ear,
Lay ſleeping by a mug of beer;
Along with her upon the hearth,
Lay *Pope*'s new *Dunciad* and *Garth*,
Which did not dread the harmleſs fire,
Which juſt was going to expire:
Upon the floor was careleſs thrown,
A dirty ſhirt, and tatter'd gown;
An *Homer* never meant to look on,
A wooden desk to ſet a book on;
Two globes, 'twas difficult to find,
Which was for heaven or earth deſign'd.

A pair of bellows, and a broom,
And a bureau adorn'd his room;
In bottle neck was fix'd a candle,
An earthen jug without an handle,
A grate, I could not help admiring,
Was ne'er deſign'd to make a fire in,
So much decay'd, and full of holes,
It would not hold a pan of coals.
Upon a little table ſtood
A *China* baſon full of blood;
A tweezer-caſe, a dirty towel,
A pitcher of hot water-grewel;
A glaſs which ſome unlucky ſtroke
Had in a dozen pieces broke;
A cheſt half full of right *bohea*,
With proper furniture for tea,
Had not the cups and ſaucers been,
Some blue and white, ſome red and green,
Some large enough to hold a gill,
While others ſcarce a ſpoon would fill;
Here lay a female's fan and gloves,
The trophies of his former loves;
To *Chloe* lay an open letter,
In which he own'd himſelf her debtor,
But could not her requeſts fulfil,
He had not yet receiv'd his bill:
Upon the window ſtood a bowl,
With relicks of a roaſted fowl,
A College plate with dirty diſhes,
A powder-horn and net for fiſhes;
A ruſty gun without a lock,
With oil, and combs, and powd'ring block;
A canniſter and pair of ſhoes,
A piſtol ne'er deſign'd to uſe;
A coffee-mill and perfum'd ball,
A chamber-pot——and that was all.

The WEDDING-DAY:

Or, The Happy Couple.

'TWas one *may* morning, when the clouds undrawn,
Expos'd, in naked charms, the waking dawn;
When night-fal'n dews, by days warm courtſhip won,
From reeking roſes climb'd to kiſs the ſun;
Nature, new-bloſſom'd, ſhed her odours round;
The dew-bent primroſe kiſs'd the breeze ſwept ground:
The watchful cock had thrice proclaim'd the day,
And glimm'ring ſunbeams, faintly forc'd their way.
When join'd in hand, and heart, to church we went,
Mutual in vows, and priſoners by conſent.
Aurelia's heart beat high, with mix'd alarms:
But trembling beauty glow'd with double charms.
In her ſoft breaſt a modeſt ſtruggle roſe,
How ſhe ſhou'd ſeem to like the lot ſhe choſe:
A ſmile, ſhe thought, wou'd dreſs her looks too gay,
A frown might ſeem too ſad, and blaſt the day.
But while nor this, nor that, her will cou'd bow,
She walk'd,-and look'd,-and charm'd,-and knew not how!
Our hands, at length, th' unchanging *Fiat* bound,
And our glad ſouls ſprung out to greet the ſound.
Joys, meeting joys, unite, and ſtronger ſhine;
For paſſion, purify'd, grows half divine:
Aurelia, thou art mine, I cry'd,——and ſhe
Sigh'd ſoft—now, *Damon*, thou art lord of me.
But wilt thou, whiſper'd ſhe, the knot now ty'd,
Which only death's keen weapon can divide,
Wilt thou, ſtill mindful of thy raptures paſt,
Permit the ſummer of love's hope to laſt?
Shall not cold wintry froſts come on too ſoon?
Ah, ſay! what means the world by honey-moon?
If we ſo ſhort a ſpace our bliſs enjoy,
What toils does love for one poor month employ!
Women thus us'd, like bubbles, blown with air,
Owe to their outward charms a ſun-gilt glare:
Like them, we glitter to the diſtant eye,
But, graſp'd like them, we do but weep and die!
Leſt more, ſaid I, thou ſhou'd'ſt profane the bliſs,
I'll ſeal thy dang'rous lips, with this cloſe kiſs:
Not thus, the heav'n of marriage hopes blaſpheme!
But learn, from me, to ſpeak on this lov'd theme.
There have been wedlock joys of ſwift decay,
Like lightning, ſeen at once, and ſhot away:
But theirs were hopes, which, all unfit to pair,
Like fire and powder, kiſs'd, and flaſh'd to air!
Thy ſoul and mine, by mutual courtſhip won,
Meet like two mingling flames, and make but one.
Union of hearts, not hands, does marriage make;
'Tis ſympathy of mind keeps love awake:
Our growing days increaſe of joy ſhall know,
And thick-ſown comforts leave no room for woe.
Thou, the ſoft ſwelling vine, ſhall fruitful laſt,
I, the ſtrong elm, will prop thy beauties faſt;
Thou ſhalt ſtrow ſweets, to ſoften life's rough way;
And, when hot paſſions my proud wiſhes ſway,
Thou, like ſome breeze, ſhalt in my boſom play.
Thou, for protection, ſhalt on me depend,
And I, on thee, for a ſoft, faithful friend.
I, in *Aurelia*, ſhall for ever view,
At once, my care, -my fear, -my comfort, -too!
Thou ſhalt firſt partner in my pleaſures be,
But all my pains ſhall, laſt, be known to thee.
Aurelia heard, and with a chearful ſmile,
Which ſeem'd, at once, to cheriſh and revile!
O *god of love*! ſhe cry'd—what joys were thine,
If all life's race were *wedding-days* like mine.

DECEIT DISCOVERED;

Or, To SAY and Do are Two Things.

A Prieſt there was, who with a ſilver ſound
And melting phraſe, could goſpel truths expound,
Could make the force of holy precepts clear,
And touch the heart, as well as warm the ear.
It hap'd this prieſt on *Luxury* declaim'd,
Shew'd how the love of creatures chriſtians ſham'd;
Explain'd the merit of deſpiſing gold,
And prais'd diſciples who their goods had ſold
In antient times to feed the faithful poor;
Then ſighing ſaid, --- Thoſe days will come no more.
Touch'd with this truth, his audience wipe their eyes,
And with their paſtor kindly ſympathize.

A tradeſman chanc'd this lecture to attend,
Who wept his follies, and reſolv'd to mend,
Saw his miſdeed in loving dreſs and ſhow,
And ſeeing, ſcorn'd to be a city beau.

Home with theſe pious thoughts in haſte he goes,
Commands his wife to ſell his uſeleſs cloaths,
And all the produce inſtantly to give
To ſuch poor folks as knew not how to live.
The wife amaz'd, enquir'd the wondrous cauſe,
Whence he deduc'd this ſelf-denying clauſe;

'The prieſt to day, my dear, hath made it plain,
'That only godlineſs is truly gain;
'That he who mod'rates his deſires, is bleſs'd,
'That of one ſuit one man ſhould be poſſeſs'd,
'And I'm convinc'd,--go take and ſell the reſt.

His wife theſe pious notions heard with pain,
This prieſt, ſaid ſhe, ſhall not do this in vain;
I'll go and hear what ſtrange things he'll lay down,
I'll go if it ſhould coſt me my new gown.
She ſaid, ſhe went; for women ſoon fulfil
Whatever's right, if right ſuits with their will.
The prieſt's ſpruce valet met her at the Gate,
'I want your maſter--Dame, my Maſter's ſat
To dinner, hence on no account he ſtirs;
'I'll ſtay a while -- away with the demurrs:
At night he goes, to ſpend the hours at play;
But, heark'e dame, tomorrow's a new day:
Tomorrow come, but do not come too ſoon,
The doctor ſleeps within an hour of noon:
'O mighty well! at noon ſhe's at the gate,
The valet ſpies her, --- Miſtreſs, you muſt wait,
'What tho' 'tis twelve, ſleep ſtill the doctor ſooths
No, no; he's up, but gone to change his cloaths.
'Aye, is he ſo! your ſervant; I have done;
'You and your ſervant both may ſleep till noon.

Home hies the dame, and ſoon her ſpouſe ſalutes
With the prieſt's dinner, play, and change of ſuits:
The huſband hears, commends her prudent care,
And wiſely vows his own good cloaths to wear.
Their words thus in ill prieſts their conduct foils,
The ſermon edifies, th'example ſpoils.

A DIALOGUE between *HORATIO and LYDIA.*

HORATIO.

WHile I remain the darling of your heart,
And no encroaching lover claim'd a part:
Unrivall'd while my longing arms I caſt
About your lovely neck and ſlender waiſt,
And you to every one but me were chaſte;
I ſcorn'd the lofty Perſian monarch's ſtate,
And thought myſelf more happy, and as great.

LYDIA.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer ſhe
Had ſtole your wand'ring heart away from me;
While *Chloe* ſeem'd not *Lydia* to out-ſhine,
Nor gain'd a conqueſt that before was mine;
Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her ſweet embraces ſought.

HORATIO.

Now *Thracian Chloe* has ſupply'd your place,
She charms me with her muſick and her face;
To ſave her life, I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my heart.

LYDIA.

Fair *Calais* now, the ſweet *Meſſenian* boy,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
By my dying he might longer live,
I'd give two lives, if I had two to give.

HORATIO.

What if kind *Venus* ſhould our hearts unite,
And force us to adore that love we ſlight?
If *Chloe* with her golden locks ſhould yield,
And baniſh'd *Lydia* ſhould regain the field.

LYDIA.

If ſo, though you are crooked and unkind,
Leſs to be truſted than the ſeas or wind;
Though he ſo kind, ſo charming and ſo true,
I willingly would live, would die, with you.

To MELISSA.

AS on a bank where vi'lets blow,
The ſhade above, a ſtream below,
The ſtream below, the ſhade above,
Soft murm'ring to a dream of love,
I lay, a nymph of heavenly mien,
With voice divine, and look ſerene,
Began; is this the wry to fame,
And think you thus to raiſe a name?
While here in lazy eaſe you lye,
The muſes all neglected by?
No longer keep the lyre unſtrung,
Nor let *Meliſſa* live unſung:
Meliſſa, glory of the plains,
The envy'd charmer of the ſwains;
All ſpotleſs as the falling ſnows,
Whoſe breath is ſweeter than the roſe;
Let chaſte *Meliſſa* fill your lays,
Become immortal in her praiſe!
But if the fair you never ſaw,
Fancy her here; begin and draw.
She ſpoke, and by her air and mien,
Confeſs'd herſelf the *Cyprian* queen.

The PARALLEL;
Or, BRITON's ALARM:
A FABLE *from* ÆSOP.

Apply'd to the moſt factious People of this Nation.

IN days of yore when beaſts could prate,
And argue on affairs of ſtate,
A colony of frogs whoſe hoſt
A free prerogative did boaſt;
Till faction, avarice and ſtrife,
Depriv'd them of the happieſt life.
This tribe inbred to diſcontent,
Many ſolicitations ſent
To *Jove*, the emp'ror of the ſky,
That he their wiſh would gratify,
And grant them from his radiant ſeat,
A king to rule their jarring ſtate
But *Jove* their weak requeſt rejected,
And out of pity long neglected;
The conſequence could plain foretel,
And bid them know when they were well.
But they unſatisfy'd perſiſt,
That he would anſwer their requeſt:
Tir'd out at laſt, *Jove* angry threw
A log among this murm'ring crew:
Amaz'd they ſtood, the mighty fall
Diffus'd a terror 'mongſt 'em all:
Their fears diſpers'd, they humbly came,
And paid due homage to his name.
Demurr awhile, was huſh'd again,
They 'njoyed, like us, a peaceful reign;
They went, they came, they drank, they eat,
And laught and talkt as they thought fit.
But by degrees their pride grew high,
Indulg'd with too much liberty;
They ſcorn their peaceful prince's reign,
And jarring tumults roſe again.
A king they cry! a helpleſs weight,
Why don't he riſe, exert his might,
And put our daring foes to flight?
Once more they importuned *Jove*,
That he'd this heedleſs king remove,
And grant them one whoſe mighty ſway
Wou'd make their foes (and them) obey;
One active, bold, and ſtout beſide,
And nearer to their bands allied.
O murmurers! *Jove* in wrath reply'd,
Muſt I for ever bear your pride?
You ſhall have reaſon to complain,
And feel a cruel tyrant's reign.
Thus ſaid, th'inraged thunderer ſends
A ſtork triumphant o'er their fens,
Who reign'd with arbitrary ſway,
Devouring all within his way,
Or drove them forth, and in their place
Advanc'd his own tyrannic race.
This fatal change too ſoon appear'd,
What groans around the fens were heard!
Hoarſe croaking lamentations riſe,
But *Jove* was deaf to all their cries,
And left them, unredreſs'd, to bear
What they'd long ſought with earneſt pray'r.

'From hence ye reſtleſs *Britons* learn,
'T'wixt good and evil to diſcern:
All arbitrary power diſdain,
And prize that gracious monarch's reign,
Who rules by law, loves liberty,
Reſolv'd his people ſhall be free.
Then let all hearts in one firm band unite,
T'repel the baſe diſturbers of his right.

The FURNITURE *of a* WOMAN'S MIND.

Written by Dr. SWIFT.

A Set of phraſes learnt by rote;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh or cry,
Ye cannot tell the reaſon why:
Never to hold her tongue a minute;
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it.
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for wit:
Her learning mounts to read a ſong,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has ev'ry repartee in ſtore,
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before.
Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions, cut and dry.
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The ſight will put her in a ſwoon.
For converſation well endu'd;
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor makes a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe,
Can, at her morning tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before.
Improving hourly in her ſkill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In chuſing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt prize;
Can in her female clubs diſpute
What lining beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match:
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dext'rouſly her huſband teize,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe:
By frequent practice learns a trick
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs ſo pretty;
At once creating love and pity.
If *Molly* happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as ſure as death;
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath.
Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo robuſtious like a man.
In party, furious to her pow'r;
A bitter whig, or tory ſow'r;
Her Arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend:
Will prove herſelf a tory plain,
From principles the whigs maintain;
And to defend the whiggiſh cauſe,
Her topics from the tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find,
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be ſent to * *Bickerſtaff's*,
He pays full price, and not by halfs:
Take notice, he has my commiſſion
To add them in the next edition;
They may out-ſell a better thing;
So, holla boys, God ſave the King.

* *The Printer, at the* Black-Boy *in* Fleet-Lane.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE *SPRING.*

With the various Employments and Pleaſures of a COUNTRY LIFE.

FAIR ſpring aſſumes again her early ſway,
And hills and dales the vernal call obey;
The purling brooks on which hard winter frown'd,
Declare their freedom by a murm'ring ſound:
The fields which lately wore a ſickly green,
Are in their brighteſt, livel'eſt verdure ſeen;
Aſpiring tulips rear their ſprightly heads,
And violets glitter on their leafy beds:
All nature feels the ſun's enliv'ning ray,
And birds rejoice on every blooming ſpray;
The early lark expand'd on level wing,
Awakens all the muſic of the ſpring.

Th' induſtrious farmer early quits his bed,
Well pleas'd to find old hoary winter fled:
Rouſes from ſleep his long unactive ſwains,
To early labour on the neighbouring plains;
Who ſtrait appear, with gay and healthful mien,
Their ſcrip well fill'd, they whiſtle o'er the green:
With luſty ſteeds to ply the looſen'd plough,
Which long lay uſeleſs, cover'd o'er with ſnow.
The curious maſter o'er the level ſtrides,
With meaſur'd ſteps the fallow ground divides;
Then dex'trous, with his pointed ſtaff, proceeds
From the clog'd ſhare to puſh th' obſtructing weeds:
With careful eye the winding comb ſurveys,
Like finiſh'd work, beneath the artiſt's hand,
The ſhining plough-ſhare brightens all the land.

The ſeed's-man next advancing o'er the plain,
With lib'ral hand diſplays th' appointed grain;
Nor far behind the pointed harrows come,
With harſher ſound, and ſhuts the teeming womb.

The lab'rer done, he leaves to bounteous heaven,
Who has a time to every purpoſe given,
With ſoftening dews, and gentle ſhowers of rain,
The earth to cheriſh, and to ſwell the grain;
Which quickly ſhall in greater glory riſe,
To bleſs the lab'rers toil, a grateful prize.

The gladden'd farmer once again ſurveys,
His fruitful field, and whereſoe'er he ſtrays,
Unbounded nature charms his raviſh'd ſight,
From diff'rent cloſures, diff'rent ſcenes delight;
Here lowing cows, there fatten'd oxen paſs,
And wanton fillies roll in clover graſs:
There blading corn o'erſpreads the fruitful ground,
Of diff'rent ſorts, by bounteous *Ceres* crown'd;
Here flow'ry meads diſcloſe their gaudy dyes,
Look where you will, freſh ſcenes of beauty riſe.
On moſſy banks, beneath a friendly ſhade,
The watchful ſhepherd tunes his oaten reed;
Each murm'ring brook augments the warbling lay,
While round the plains his wanton lambkins play.

But now my muſe, in ſoft'ning ſtrains remove,
Thro' fragrant vales, and ſeek the vocal grove,
Where feather'd troops, a gay unnumber'd throng,

Sing how their love's in ſoothing ſtrains expreſt
Their haunts, and how each forms her artful neſt.
When firſt the ſoul of love begins to warm,
Each little heart harmonious feels the charm,
Plume the gay wing, eager to try again,
With chearful note, the long forgotten ſtrain.
The ſoaring lark from the green meadow ſprings,
Pois'd in mid-air his early carol ſings;
The tuneful nation from the grove within
Obſerve his call, their chearful ſongs begin.
The Black-bird whiſtles from the thorny buſh,
And from the maple the harmonious thruſh;
The wood-lark o'er the kind contending throng,
Superior heard, with his melodious ſong.
The finch and linnets ſtrain their little throats,
And fill the grove with their harmonious notes;
While the elegiac nightingale prepares
Her mellow ſong, and ſinks in ſolemn airs,
Nor quits ſo ſoon the much delighted teſt.
While others ſlumber on their peaceful neſt,
She ſtill prolongs the ſweet harmonious lay,
And makes the night melodious as the day.
The rook, the daw, and hollow cuckoo's ſong,
With their harſh pipes diſcordant join along:
The cooing turtles breathing fond deſire,
And the full concert thro' the vocal choir;
'Tis love creates this melody, and love
This waſte of muſic thro' the echoing grove.

To birds and beaſts, as well as nobler man,
Unerring nature never works in vain;
But teaches them the pleaſing, ſoothing art,
Each to his mate his paſſion to impart.

Agreed and coupled, to the woods or meads,
They take their flight juſt when their fancy leads;
Each loving pair to diff'rent parts remove;
Some to the thicket, ſome the ſhady grove;
Some the clift tree with twiſting ivy hung,
Seek a protection for their feeble young.
Others remote, far in the graſsy meads,
Or diſtant hedge-rows ſhelter'd round with weeds;
Some in the Bank, where waters deep and wide
Sooths all their cares in murmurs as they glide:
Some the thatch'd barn, and ſome for ſafety chuſe
Their habitation 'mongſt the trembling boughs.

Their ſtation fixt, away they eager fly,
What reſtleſs motions thro' the buſy ſky:
With twigs of trees, dry leaves, and moſs and loom,
Lay the foundation of each ſlender doom:
Awhile the fabrick ſeems but ſlight and thin,
Till with much labour made compleat within.
A thouſand buſy wings again ariſe,
This ſteals a feather, and away ſhe flies,
And that a ſtraw, while others bolder dare
From the ſheep's back to pluck the growing hair.
Thus, by degrees, with wool and hair entwin'd,
The wondrous ſtructure grows compleatly lin'd;
Within, without, quite finiſh'd, dry and warm;
No human artiſt can the like perform.
Now each lov'd pair in pleas'd embraces meet,
'Till the fair dam's, her tale of eggs compleat,
Who then as chearful to her taſk ſubmits,
With ſteady patience thus aſſiduous ſits;
Unmov'd by hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Nor ruffling winds, nor tempeſts, her affright,
While ceaſeleſs warbling from ſome diſtant ſpray,
Her lover ſooths the tedious hours away.

The appointed time fulfill'd with pious care,
Warm'd into life the callow young appear;

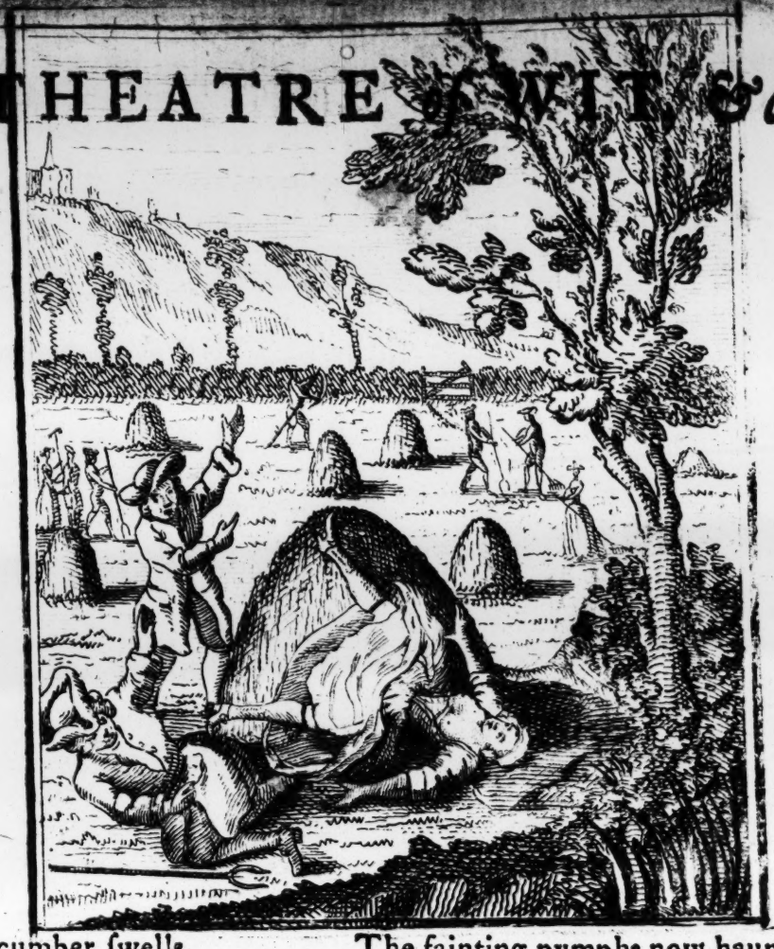
Their bondage broke, the little helpleſs brood,
With conſtant clamour gape, demanding food;
What paſſions then, of joy and pious care,
Seize the glad parents, who affection bare
To their lov'd young, the moſt delicious bait,
And equally their cravings chearful wait.

O! may the care of providence defend
Thoſe pretty warblers from the ſchool-boy's hand,
Or prying clowns, whoſe barb'rous deſign
From liberty thoſe pretty ſlaves confine,
And boundleſs air; replac'd in narrow cage,
Their plumage dull, and dull their warbling rage.
Alas! what ſhocks the aſtoniſh'd parents feel,
When back returning with their loaden bill
By ſome rude hand, their gaping young ones wreſt,
And find (if any) but a vacant neſt.
Quick to the ground the vain proviſion goes,
Their ruffl'd pinions their ſad grief diſcloſe,
And the grove ecchoes to thier winding woes.
But, if propitious to their happier fate,
Indulgent heaven gives a longer date,
The feather'd young their narrow bounds deſpiſe,
And ſeek the free poſſeſſion of the ſkies,
On ſome warm ev'ning's ſunny glade they rove,
Where balmy zephyrs fan the waving grove;
The flutt'ring tribe with yellow luſtre bright,
Look round the ſpace, and fix their wings for flight,
From bough to bough the little wantons fly,
But reſolution fails, the void to try:
The inſtructive parents both entice and chide,
Then hop before them, as a proper guide,
Further and further, till they boldly dare,
The ſelf-taught wing, and truſt the fleeting air;
The acquitted parents joy to ſee them ſoar,
Take their laſt look, and never know them more.

S U M M E R.

TH' advancing ſummer now demands my lay,
Bright ſol his ſultry beams begins to play;
The fading flowers decline their languid heads,
Parch'd up with heat, lay drooping on their beds.
The brooks glide ſlowly, and the ripen'd graſs,
Demand th' aſſiſtance of each lad and laſs.
The graſs-hopper, beneath his green retreat,
Whoſe drink's the pearly dew, the dew his meat,
His early carols joyful mortals hear,
The faithful prophet of the rip'ning year.
Now luſty ſwains their crooked weapons wield,
Of her rich veſt intent to ſtrip the field,
They ſtroke for ſtroke their early taſk purſue,
'Till all in winding ſwaths---the meads we view;
And while around the ſcorching ſun-beams play,
Forth comes a throng to make the parching ray;
Who dext'rous, with their ſharpen'd prongs proceed,
With th'welter'd graſs, again to ſtrow the mead.
Thus ſpread around, bright ſol the hay doth make,
Each lad and laſs, then plies the buſy rake;
Cloſe, and more cloſe, they puſh it as it dries,
'Till all in pleaſing rows the cocks ariſe.
The nymphs and ſwains now ſkip and frolick round,
While whiſtling carters clear th' incumber'd ground.
The meads diſmantled of their gaudy dyes,
The fruitful garden next attracts our eyes.
To pleaſe our taſte here various plenty grows
The ſturdy cabbage plac'd in equal rows,
Th'aſparagus ſhot from their haſty beds,
And colliflow'rs diſcloſe their ſnowy heads.

On



On leafy bines the green cucumber ſwells,
And ruddy melons grow beneath their bells.
On ſtately ſtalks uprears the downy bean,
And juſt below the creeping peas are ſeen;
While ſome more worthy on th'aſſiſting pole,
Shoot up aloft, and overtops the whole:
The buſy bees o'er all the garden roam,
Extracting ſweets from ev'ry opening bloom.

But now more pleaſing to our eyes appear,
That ſmiling goddeſs deck'd with yellow hair,
In her right hand the golden ears of corn,
Gay poppy flow'rs, and lavender are born;
And in the other glowing hand is held,
A blandiſh'd plate with bluſhing plenty fill'd;
The rich carnation, and the damaſk roſe,
The ſpicy pink, with thouſands more compoſe
The ſpreading wreath that binds her radiant head,
Where all around their ſpangled glories ſpread.
Now glowing *Phœbus*, glittering god of day,
Darts o'er the fruitful earth his ſcorching ray,
Fermenting fruits his rip'ning beams refine,
Which on the laden boughs alluring ſhine:
Here bluſhing trees with crimſon cherries glow,
And there the ſwelling codlin loads the bough;
While up aloft, tempting the gazer's view,
The Catharine pears their painted bluſhes ſhew.
Fierce *Syrius* now begins to mount on high,
With ſultry heat infects the ſouthern ſky,
The cooling ſtreams the panting herds retreat,
Here try to ſhun the noon-day's ſultry heat,

The fainting nymphs now haunt the cooling floods,
And ſwelter'd ſwains retire to ſhady woods;
Where leafy bowers exclude the ſultry day,
And balmy breezes all around 'em play;
Where bub'ling brooks flow murmuring as they glide
And warbling birds are heard on ev'ry ſide.
If chance dim *Phœbus* ſhines with wat'ry rays,
And low'ry ſkyes their ſable wings diſplays;
In pearly drops deſcends a gentle rain,
To chear the flow'rs, and ſwell the ripening grain.
Huſh'd all at once, the pretty warb'lers ſet,
And weeping trees are ſpangled o'er with wet,
The clouds diſpers'd, ſoft *Zephyrs* gently play,
And birds again renew the warb'ling lay;
Reviving flowers bedeck the ſmiling ground,
Diffuſing all their choiceſt ſweets around.
'Tis here at liberty the happy ſwain
Or breaths his vows, or ſpeaks his tender pain;
'Tis here the modeſt nymph his flame approves,
Throws off reſtraint, and bluſhing owns ſhe loves:
Their honeſt hearts no falſe intentions know,
With generous warmth their faithful boſoms glow.
True love they taſte as innocence they prize,
And ſcorn deceit, as void of all diſguiſe.
Far different views the courtier's breaſt inſpire,
Deluded by ambition's reſtleſs fire;
No joys he feels, which ſcenes like theſe beſtow,
Nor taſtes the pureſt pleaſures felt below.

The END of the FIRST PART.

* PART SECOND, *among many other entertaining Pieces, (at the earneſt Requeſt of our Subſcribers) will be interſpers'd with ſeveral of the moſt celebrated new and old* SONGS, *ſet to Muſick by the beſt Maſters.*

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